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Selected and Edited by
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1935

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FOREWORD

LEARN young, learn fair, they say. Lovers of music confess how thankful they are that they learned young the theory and practice of their art. Though the approach to poetry is not beset with the mechanical difficulties of music, yet lovers of poetry should also be thankful when they have begun their familiarity early. Every lover of poetry can remember a day when he suddenly became alive to the magic of some poet like Keats or Tennyson. What had previously been mechanical liking, sprang into life with the force of revelation. This is an experience that might come to all ; but unfortunately many cannot have it because they lack the necessary preparation of early contact with the poets.

The lost opportunity is to be regretted even if it is only because it is a lost opportunity ; but even more because it means that something vital has been missed from the development of character,—something for lack of which balance of interests and sympathy remain imperfect. Poetry and the other arts are not luxuries but essentials. They nourish and refine the feelings as study nourishes and trains the mind. And the feelings require to be trained even more than the mind : they count for so much more in daily life, and get so much less training than they should.

John Stuart Mill affords an interesting illustration. He relates how, at the age of twenty-one, he found himself in a state of deep depression, taking “no delight in anything.” Yet from an early age he had

FOREWORD

been carefully educated. He was already recognized as a brilliant thinker, with a great career before him, and seemed to have all he needed to make him happy. What had gone wrong with him? He discovered the nature of his disease from the medicine that healed it. He was cured by the poetry of Wordsworth. It stirred his feelings, and restored his delight; it gave him the joy, the "excitement of beauty," the "thought coloured by feeling," that had been neglected in an education confined to facts and dry thinking. His feelings had been starved: Wordsworth's poetry gave them nourishment and life.

Few children nowadays have Mill's excuse of not becoming familiar with poetry. With them it is rather that affection has not accompanied familiarity. Perhaps the poems they have read have been unsuited to their age or taste; or perhaps poetry has meant material for parsing and analysis.

Not all poetry appeals to children. Love poetry is likely to bore or amuse: reflection is apt to repel or mystify. What kinds of poetry, then, do they like? The young are captivated by the rush of Stevenson's "Faster than fairies, faster than witches," the mystery of Mr. de la Mare's "Someone came knocking," or the humour of Mr. Milne. For older children surely narrative holds the field, with its possibilities of excitement, suspense, and humour. Lyrics strike the imagination. The ballad in particular, by its directness and dramatic quality, appeals. If a good beginning is made with these, interest and appreciation and enthusiasm will follow, and poetry will become a life-long possession. "First the seed; then the ear; after that the full corn."

A. S. C.

BALLADS AND NARRATIVE POEMS

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty earl of Douglas rode
Into England, to catch a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
With them the Lindesays, light and gay ;
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire ; 10
And three good towers on Roxburgh fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about ;
“ O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't ? ”

But up spake proud Lord Percy, then,
And O but he spake hie !
“ I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay.” 20

“ If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me !
For, ere I cross the border fells,
The tane of us shall die.”

POEMS FOR YOUTH

He took a long spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there
He rode right furiously.

But O how pale his lady look'd
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down, before the Scottish spear,
She saw proud Percy fa'.

“ Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see, 10
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell ;
But your sword sall gae wi' me.”

“ But gae ye up to Otterburn,
And wait there dayis three ;
And, if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me.”

“ The Otterburn's a bonnie burn ;
'Tis pleasant there to be ;
But there is nought at Otterburn
To feed my men and me. 20

“ The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree ;
But there is neither bread nor kale
To fend my men and me.

“ Yet I will stay at Otterburn,
Where you shall welcome be ;
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee.”

“ Thither will I come,” proud Percy said,
“ By the might of Our Ladye ! ”— 30

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

“ There will I bide thee,” said the Douglas,
“ My trowth I plight to thee.”

They lighted high on Otterburn,
Upon the bent sae brown ;
They lighted high on Otterburn,
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass ;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

10

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn—
“ O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy’s hard at hand.”

“ Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud !
Sae loud I hear ye lie :
For Percy had not men yestreen,
To dight my men and me.

“ But I hae dream’d a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Sky ;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.”

20

He belted on his good braid sword,
And to the field he ran ;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi’ the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu’ fain !
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

But Percy with his good broad sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he call'd on his little foot-page,
And said—"Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

“ My nephew good,” the Douglas said,
 “ What recks the death of ane !
 Last night I dream’d a dreary dream,
 And I ken the day’s thy ain.”

“ My wound is deep ; I fain would sleep ;
Take thou the vanguard of the threc,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

“ O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming briar,
Let never living mortal ken
That ere a kindly Scot lies here.” 20

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e ;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But many a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood
They steep'd their hose and shoon ; 30

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain ;
They swappèd swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blude ran down between.

“ Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy ! ” he said,
“ Or else I vow I’ll lay thee low ! ”
“ Whom to shall I yield,” said Earl Percy,
“ Now that I see it must be so ? ”

10

“ Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me ;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows upon yon lilye lee ! ”

“ I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a briar ;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here.”

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword’s point in the gronde ;
And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

20

This deed was done at Otterburn,
About the breaking of the day ;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

ANONYMOUS

POEMS FOR YOUTH

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,
O where hae ye been ?
They hae slain the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley !
And wherefore did ye sae !
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring ;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
O he might hae been a king !

10

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba' ;
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a' !

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the gluve ;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
O he was the Queen's luvie !

20

O lang will his Lady
Look owre the Castle Downe,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town !

ANONYMOUS

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called King John ;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong and maintain'd little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury ;
How for his house-keeping, and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

A hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day ; 10
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me,
And, for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were known,
I never spend nothing but what is my own ;
And I trust your grace will do me no dere
For spending of my own true-gotten gear. 20

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die ;
For except thou canst answer me questions thrce,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy body.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about.
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet :
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace. 10

Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live ;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford ;
But never a doctor there was so wise
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold : 20
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;
What news do you bring us from good King John ?

Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give :
That I have but three days more to live ;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my body.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth. 30

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about :
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think.

Now cheer up, sir abbot ! Did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit ?
Lend me horse, and your serving-men, and apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

Nay frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship as ever may be : 10
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town.

Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope.

Now welcome, sir abbot, the king he did say,
'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day ;
For if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be. 20

And first when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.

“ For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told ;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou'rt *one* penny worser than he.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel :
I did not think I had been worth so little ! 30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about.

“ You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again ;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you’ll ride it about.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. John :
I did not think I could do it so soon !
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think. 10

“ Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry :
You think I’m the abbot of Canterbury ;
But I’m his poor shepherd, as plain you may sec,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.”

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
I’ll make thee lord abbot this day in his place !
“ Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack I can neither write nor read.”

Four nobles a week then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me ; 20
And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King
John.

ANONYMOUS

THE BAILIFF’S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire’s son :

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy, and would not believe
That he did love her so ;
No, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind. 10

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see :
“ Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me.”

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear ;
She secretly stole away.

She pullèd off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire, 20
And to fair London she would go
Her true love to inquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a colour so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein ;
“ One penny, one penny, kind sir,” she said,
“ Will ease me of much pain.” 30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

“ Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Pray tell me where you were born.”

“ At Islington, kind sir,” said she,
“ Where I have had many a scorn.”

“ I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to me,
O tell me, whether you know
The bailiff’s daughter of Islington.”
“ She is dead, sir, long ago.”

“ If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also ; to
For I will unto some far country,
Where no man shall me know.”

“ O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth !
She standeth by thy side ;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride.”

“ O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore ;
For now I have found mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.” 20

ANONYMOUS

GREEN BROOM

THERE was an old man lived out in the wood,
His trade was cutting of Broom, green Broom ;
He had but one son without thrift, without good,
Who lay in his bed till ’twas noon, bright noon.

The old man awoke one morning and spoke,
He swore he would fire the room, that room,

DABBLING IN THE DEW

If his John would not rise and open his eyes,
And away to the wood to cut Broom, green Broom.

So Johnny arose, and he slipped on his clothes,
And away to the wood to cut Broom, green Broom ;
He sharpened his knives, for once he contrives
To cut a great bundle of Broom, green Broom.

When Johnny passed under a lady's fine house,
Passed under a lady's fine room, fine room,
She said to her maid, " Go fetch me," she said,
" Go fetch me the boy that sells Broom, green
Broom." 10

When Johnny came in to the lady's fine house,
And stood in the lady's fine room, fine room ;
" Young Johnny," she said, " Will you give up your
trade,
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom ? "

Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both
went,
And he wedded the lady in bloom, full bloom ;
At market and fair, all folks do declare,
There is none like the Boy that sold Broom, green
Broom.

ANONYMOUS

DABBLING IN THE DEW

OH, where are you going to, my pretty little dear,
With your red, rosy cheeks and your coal-black hair? 20
I'm going a-milking, kind sir, she answered me :
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair!

Suppose I were to clothe you, my pretty little dear,
In a green silken gown and the amethyst rare ?

POEMS FOR YOUTH

O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair !

Suppose I were to carry you, my pretty little dear,
In a chariot with horses, a grey gallant pair ?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair !

Suppose I were to feast you, my pretty little dear,
With dainties on silver, the whole of the year ?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair !

But London's a city, my pretty little dear, 11
And all men are gallant and brave that are there—
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair !

O fine clothes and dainties and carriages so rare
Bring grey to the cheeks and silver to the hair ;
What's a ring on the finger if rings are round the eye ?
But it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair !

ANONYMOUS

THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES

THERE were three gipsies a-come to my door,
And down-stairs ran this lady, O ! 20
One sang high, and another sang low,
And the other sang, Bonny, bonny Biscay, O !

Then she pulled off her silk-finished gown
And put on hose of leather, O !
The ragged, ragged rags about our door—
She's gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O !

THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES

It was late last night, when my lord came home,
Enquiring for his a-lady, O !
The servants said on every hand :
“ She’s gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O ! ”

“ O saddle to me my milk-white steed,
Go and fetch me my pony, O !
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O ! ”

O he rode high and he rode low,
He rode through woods and copses too, 10
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O !

“ What makes you leave your house and land ?
What makes you leave your money, O ?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord ;
To go with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O ? ”

“ What care I for my house and my land ?
What care I for my money, O ?
What care I for my new-wedded lord ?
I’m off with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O ! ” 20

“ Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O !
And to-night you’ll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O ! ”

“ What care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O ?
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O ! ”
ANONYMOUS

POEMS FOR YOUTH

SADDLE TO RAGS

THIS story I'm going to sing,
I hope it will give you content,
Concerning a silly old man
That was going to pay his rent.

As he was a-riding along,
Along all on the highway,
A gentleman-thief overtook him,
And thus unto him he did say :

“ O ! well overtaken, old man,
O ! well overtaken,” said he : 10
“ Thank you kindly, sir,” says the old man,
“ If you be for my company.”

“ How far are you going this way ? ”
It made the old man to smile ;
“ To tell you the truth, kind sir,
I'm just a-going twa mile.

“ I am but a silly old man,
Who farms a piece of ground ;
My half-year rent, kind sir,
Just comes to forty pound. 20

“ But my landlord's not been at hame,
I've not seen him twelve month or more ;
It makes my rent to be large,
I've just to pay him fourscore.”

“ You should not have told anybody,
For thieves they are ganging many ;
If they were to light upon you
They would rob you of every penny.”

SADDLE TO RAGS

“ O ! never mind,” says the old man,
“ Thieves I fear on no side ;
My money is safe in my bags,
In the saddle on which I ride.”

As they were a-riding along,
And riding a-down a ghyll,
The thief pulled out a pistol,
And bade the old man stand still.

The old man was crafty and false,
As in this world are many ; 10
He flung his old saddle o’er t’ hedge,
And said, “ Fetch it, if thou’lt have any.”

The thief got off his horse,
With courage stout and bold,
To search this old man’s bags,
And gave him his horse to hold.

The old man put foot in stirrup,
And he got on astride ;
He set the thief’s horse in a gallop,—
You need not bid the old man ride ! 20

“ O, stay ! O, stay ! ” says the thief,
“ And thou half my share shalt have.”
“ Nay, marry, not I,” quoth the old man,
“ For once I’ve bitten a knave ! ”

This thief he was not content,
He thought there *must* be bags,
So he up with his rusty sword,
And chopped the old saddle to rags.

The old man gallop’d and rode,
Until he was almost spent, 30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Till he came to his landlord's house,
And he paid him his whole year's rent.

He opened this rogue's portmantle,
It was glorious for to behold ;
There was five hundred pound in money,
And other five hundred in gold.

ANONYMOUS

JOHN GILPIN

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

10

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
" Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

" To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

" My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

20

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

JOHN GILPIN

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore, 10
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
“ The wine is left behind ! ”

“ Good lack ! ” quoth he—“ yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.” 20

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe, 30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat. 10

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before, 20
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away. 30

JOHN GILPIN

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out, " Well done ! "
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around,
" He carries weight ! he rides a race !
'Tis for a thousand pound ! "

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view, 10
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been. 20

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied 30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

“ Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here’s the house,”
They all at once did cry ;
“ The dinner waits, and we are tired ” :
Said Gilpin—“ So am I ! ”

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why ?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

10

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender’s
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

“ What news ? what news ? your tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all ? ”

20

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

“ I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.”

30

JOHN GILPIN

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit, 10
“ My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

“ But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “ It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.” 20

So turning to his horse, he said,
“ I am in haste to dine ;
’Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.”

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar, 30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown. 10

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
“ This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done, 20
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry : 30

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

“ Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman ! ”

Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ; 10
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he ;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

WILLIAM COWPER

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

“ WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride : 20
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen ”—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

“ Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale ;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale ;

POEMS FOR YOUTH

His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

10

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

20

SIR WALTER SCOTT

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

“ And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“ His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ? ”

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
“ I'll go, my chief, I'm ready : 10
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady :—

“ And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking. 20

But still as wilder blew the wind
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“ O haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,
“ Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,— 30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

When, O ! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover :—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover. 10

“ Come back ! come back ! ” he cried in grief,
“ Across this stormy water :
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !—O my daughter ! ”

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.
THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE FAIRIES' PASSAGE

TAP, tap, rap, rap ! “ Get up, gaffer Ferryman.”
“ Eh ! Who is there ? ” The clock strikes three. 20
“ Get up, do, gaffer ! You are the very man
We have been long, long, longing to see.”
The ferryman rises, growling and grumbling,
And goes fum-fumbling, and stumbling, and tumbling
Over the wares on the way to the door.
But he sees no more
Than he saw before,

THE FAIRIES' PASSAGE

Till a voice is heard : " O Ferryman, dear !
Here we are waiting, all of us, here.
We are a wee, wee colony, we ;
Some two hundred in all, or three.
Ferry us over the River Lee
Ere dawn of day,
And we will pay
The most we may
In our own wee way ! "

" Who are you ? Whence came you ? What place
are you going to ? " 10

" Oh, we have dwelt over-long in this land :
The people get cross, and are growing so knowing,
too !

Nothing at all but they now understand.
We are daily vanishing under the thunder
Of some huge engine or iron wonder ;
That iron—ah ! it has entered our souls."

" Your souls ? O gholes !
You queer little drolls,
Do you mean—— ? " " Good gaffer, do aid us with
speed,

For our time, like our stature, is short indeed ! 20
And a very long way we have to go :
Eight or ten thousand miles or so,
Hither and thither, and to and fro,
With our pots and pans
And little gold cans ;
But our light caravans
Run swifter than man's."

" Well, well, you may come," said the ferryman
affably ;

" Patrick, turn out, and get ready the barge."
Then again to the little folk : " Tho' you seem laugh-
ably 30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Small, I don't mind, if your coppers be large."
Oh, dear ! what a rushing, what pushing, what
crushing
(The watermen making vain efforts at hushing
The hubbub the while), there followed these words !
What clapping of boards,
What strapping of cords,
What stowing away of children and wives,
And platters, and mugs, and spoons, and knives !
Till all had been safely got into the boat,
And the ferryman, clad in his tip-top coat, 10
And his wee little fairies were safely afloat ;
Then ding, ding, ding,
And kling, kling, kling,
How the coppers did ring
In the tin pitcherling ! . . .

To land they drew.
" Yeo-ho ! Pull to !
Tiller-rope, thro' and thro' ! "
And all's right anew.

" Now jump upon shore, ye queer little oddities. 20
(Eh, what is this ? . . . Where are they, at all ?
Where are they, and where are their tiny commo-
dities ?
Well, as I live ! " . . .) He looks blank as a wall,
Poor ferryman ! Round him and round him he gazes,
But only gets deeplier lost in the mazes
Of utter bewilderment. All, all are gone,
And he stands alone,
Like a statue of stone,
In a doldrum of wonder. He turns to steer,
And a tinkling laugh salutes his ear, 30
With other odd sounds : " Ha, ha, ha, ha !
Fol lol ! zidzizzle ! quee, quee ! bah, bah !
Fizzigigiggidy ! pshee ! sha, sha ! "

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

“ O ye thieves, ye thieves, ye rascally thieves ! ”
The good man cries. He turns to his pitcher,
And there, alas, to his horror perceives
That the little folk’s mode of making him richer
Has been to pay him with withered leaves !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills ;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills !
Not the braes of broom and heather, 10
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain !

Dear to the Lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear ;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O’er mountain, loch, and glade :
But the sweetest of all music 20
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept ;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept ;
“ Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day ! ” the soldier said ;
“ To-morrow, death’s between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.”

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair ;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground :
“ Dinna ye hear it ?—dinna ye hear it ?
The pipes o’ Havelock sound ! ”

Hushed the wounded man his groaning ;
Hushed the wife her little ones ; 10
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true ;—
As her mother’s cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear, 20
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell’s call :
“ Hark ! hear ye no’ MacGregor’s,
The grandest o’ them all ! ”

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last ;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper’s blast !
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman’s voice and man’s ; 30
“ God be praised !—the march of Havelock !
The piping of the clans ! ”

LADY CLARE

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew !

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine, 10
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain ;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear. 20
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

I trow they did not part in scorn :
Lovers long-betroth'd were they :
They two will wed the morrow morn ;
God's blessing on the day !

" He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my land so broad and fair ;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, " Who was this that went from thee ? " 10
" It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
" To-morrow he weds with me."

" O God be thank'd ! " said Alice the nurse,
" That all comes round so just and fair :
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are *not* the Lady Clare."

" Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse ? "
Said Lady Clare, " that ye speak so wild ? "
" As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
" I speak the truth : you are my child. 20

" The old Earl's daughter died at my breast ;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

" Falsely, falsely, have ye done,
O mother," she said, " if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

" Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
" But keep the secret for your life, 30

LADY CLARE

And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said "Not so : but I will know
If there be any faith in man." 10

"Nay now, what faith ?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Tho' I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so, 20
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare :
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way. 30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower :
“ O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth ? ”

“ If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar born,” she said,
“ And not the Lady Clare.”

“ Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“ For I am yours in word and in deed. 10
Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“ Your riddle is hard to read.”

O and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail :
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn :
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood :
“ If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “ the next in blood— 20

“ If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “ the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.”

LORD TENNYSON

POCAHONTAS

WEARIED arm and broken sword
Wage in vain the desperate fight ;
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.

POCAHONTAS

Hark ! a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
And the torch of death they light :
Ah ! 'tis hard to die of fire !
Who will shield the captive knight ?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd, 10
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart ?
Who avert the murderous blade ?
From the throng, with sudden start,
See there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight ;
“ Loose the chain, unbind the ring ;
I am daughter of the King,
And I claim the Indian right ! ” 20

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted axe and thirsty knife ;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life !
In the woods of Powhattan,
Still 'tis told, by Indian fires,
How a daughter of their sires
Saved the captive Englishman.

W. M. THACKERAY

POEMS FOR YOUTH

“HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX”

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
“ Good speed ! ” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew ;
“ Speed ! ” echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place ;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight, 9
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

’Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Duffeld, ’twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,
So Joris broke silence with, “ Yet there is time ! ”

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one, 20
To stare thro’ the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray :

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back

“ HOW THEY BROUGHT THE NEWS TO AIX ”

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which ay and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, “ Stay
spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix ”—for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank, 10
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And “ Gallop,” gasped Joris, “ for Aix is in sight ! ”

“ How they'll greet us ! ”—and all in a moment his
roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight 20
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer ;

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad
or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen, 10
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even.

Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

“ Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he ?
Where and what his dwelling ? ” 20

“ Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain ;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain.”

“Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither ;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.”

“Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger ;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.”

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted ;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed. 20

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

JOHN MASON NEALE

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She looked across the sea ;
She looked across the water ;
And long and loud laughed she :

POEMS FOR YOUTH

“ The locks of six princesses
Must be my marriage fee,
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !
Who comes a-wooing me ? ”

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She walked along the sand ;
When she was aware of a knight so fair,
Come sailing to the land.
His sails were all of velvet,
His mast of beaten gold, 10
And “ Hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !
Who saileth here so bold ? ”

“ The locks of five princesses
I won beyond the sea ;
I clipt their golden tresses,
To fringe a cloak for thee.
One handful yet is wanting,
But one of all the tale ;
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !
Furl up thy velvet sail ! ” 20

He leapt into the water,
That rover young and bold,
He gript Earl Haldan's daughter,
He clipt her locks of gold :
“ Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
The tale is full to-day.
Now hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !
Sail Westward ho ! away ! ”
CHARLES KINGSLEY

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE

TRAMPLE ! trample ! went the roan,
Trap ! trap ! went the gray ; 30

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE

But pad ! *pad* ! PAD ! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.—
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud ! THUD ! came on the heavy roan,
Rap ! RAP ! the mettled gray ;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on ! spur on !—I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good-day. 10

They splashed through miry rut and pool—
Splintered through fence and rail ;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap ! trap ! I heard their echoing hoofs
Past the walls of mossy stone ;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone. 20
I patted old Kate and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample ! trample ! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn !
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the may,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's fallow throat ;
One blow, and he was down. 30
The second rogue fired twice, and missed ;
I sliced the villain's crown,
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast, to Salisbury town.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Pad ! pad ! they came on the level sward,
Thud ! thud ! upon the sand ;
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand :
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

G. W. THORNBURY

HEATHER ALE

FROM the bonny bells of heather
They brewed a drink long-syne,
Was sweeter far than honey,
Was stronger far than wine. 10
They brewed it and they drank it,
And lay in a blessed swoond
For days and days together
In their dwellings underground.

There rose a king in Scotland,
A fell man to his foes,
He smote the Picts in battle,
He hunted them like roes.
Over miles of the red mountain
He hunted as they fled, 20
And strewed the dwarfish bodies
Of the dying and the dead.

Summer came in the country,
Red was the heather bell ;
But the manner of the brewing
Was none alive to tell.
In graves that were like children's
On many a mountain head,
The Brewsters of the Heather
Lay numbered with the dead. 30

HEATHER ALE

The king in the red moorland
Rode on a summer's day ;
And the bees hummed, and the curlews
Cried beside the way.
The king rode, and was angry,
Black was his brow and pale,
To rule in a land of heather
And lack the Heather Ale.

It fortune'd that his vassals,
Riding free on the heath, 10
Came on a stone that was fallen
And vermin hid beneath.
Rudely plucked from their hiding,
Never a word they spoke :
A son and his aged father—
Last of the dwarfish folk.

The king sat high on his charger,
He looked on the little men ;
And the dwarfish and swarthy couple
Looked at the king again. 20
Down by the shore he had them ;
And there on the giddy brink—
“ I will give you life, ye vermin,
For the secret of the drink.”

There stood the son and father
And they looked high and low ;
The heather was red around them,
The sea rumbled below.
And up and spoke the father,
Shrill was his voice to hear : 30
“ I have a word in private,
A word for the royal ear.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

“ Life is dear to the aged,
And honour a little thing ;
I would gladly sell the secret,”
Quoth the Pict to the king.
His voice was small as a sparrow’s,
And shrill and wonderful clear ;
“ I would gladly sell my secret,
Only my son I fear.

“ For life is a little matter
And death is nought to the young ; 10
And I dare not sell my honour
Under the eye of my son.
Take him, O king, and bind him,
And cast him far in the deep ;
And it’s I will tell the secret
That I have sworn to keep.”

They took the son and bound him,
Neck and heels in a thong,
And a lad took him and swung him,
And flung him far and strong, 20
And the sea swallowed his body,
Like that of a child of ten ;—
And there on the cliff stood the father,
Last of the dwarfish men.

“ True was the word I told you :
Only my son I feared ;
For I doubt the sapling courage
That goes without the beard.
But now in vain is the torture,
Fire shall never avail : 30
Here dies in my bosom
The secret of Heather Ale.”

R. L. STEVENSON

THE ELF-KING'S HUNTING

THE ELF-KING'S HUNTING

OH, the Elf-King went a-hunting (and I was there
to see) :

He rode a chestnut hunter and he sat him fair and
free.

His cap was ruby satin ; his coat was green and gold ;
And his breeches they were red brocade, a wonder
to behold ;

And his merry eyes were gleaming, ever gleaming as
he rode ;

And he glittered and he glanced,

As he caracolled and pranced,

With a word of careless kindness to the hunter he
bestrode.

And his grooms came prancing after, and I saw the
hunter pass 9

Very cheerfully and briskly as he rode across the grass.
They were all as neat and tidy and as speckless as a pin,
And the hounds came trotting gaily with the whips
to whip them in.

Then they paused before the laurel-hedge ; the hunts-
man laid them on,

All the merry little pack,

While the whips were going crack

Round the laggards as they lingered, till the lot of
them were gone.

So they feathered through the laurels, but they drew
the laurels blank ;

And they cantered round the cabbage-patch and
straggled up the bank ;

And the king he called the huntsman, and he said,
“ We'll try the roots :

It's not for drawing blank all night that I've put on
my boots. 20

POEMS FOR YOUTH

We must find a mouse in no time, or you'll answer
with your head."

And the huntsman said, " Ay, ay,
We must try, sir, we must try ;
But you'll be no better off, sir, for a quarry when
I'm dead."

Then they took a strip of beetroot, and I saw them
flash away,
All the rout of little riders, but I thought it best to
stay.

And the horn was sounding fainter as it tooted here
and there,
And I trembled for the huntsman, though he spoke
the king so fair.

But there came a sudden yelping all the beetroot
leaves among,

And I heard a tally-ho, 10

And the music seemed to grow,
And I knew that they had found there, for the pack
were giving tongue.

Then they had it through the garden, through the
Lover's Walk and all,
Through the orchard to the tool-shed, where the Elf-
King had a fall.

But he didn't mind a bit, not he ; he stumbled to his
feet—

With his satin cap all battered in he didn't look so
neat—

And they caught the royal chestnut, and they
tightened up his girth,

And the king said, " Try again ! "

But the huntsman : " It's in vain !

While your Majesty's been falling every mouse has
gone to earth." 20

R. C. LEHMANN

THE DRAGON OF WINTER HILL

THE DRAGON OF WINTER HILL

THIS is the tale the old men tell, the tale that was told
to me,

Of the blue-green dragon,
The dreadful dragon,
The dragon who flew so free,
The last of his horrible scaly race
Who settled and made his nesting place
Some hundreds of thousands of years ago,
One day, as the light was falling low
And the turbulent wind was still,

In a stony hollow,

10

Where none dared follow,

Beyond the ridge on the gorse-clad summit, the sum-
mit of Winter Hill !

The news went round in the camp that night ; it was
Dickon who brought it first

How the wonderful dragon,

The fiery dragon,

On his terrified eyes had burst.

" I was out," he said, " for a fat young buck,

But never a touch I had of luck ;

And still I wandered and wandered on

Till all the best of the day was gone ;

20

When suddenly, lo, in a flash of flame

Full over the ridge a green head came,

A green head flapped with a snarling lip,

And a long tongue set with an arrow's tip.

I own I didn't stand long at bay,

But I cast my arrows and bow away,

And I cast my coat, and I changed my plan,

And forgot the buck, and away I ran—

And, oh, but my heart was chill :

POEMS FOR YOUTH

For still as I ran I heard the bellow
Of the terrible slaughtering fierce-eyed fellow
Who has made his lair on the gorse-clad summit, the
summit of Winter Hill."

The night had taken her feast of stars, and the sun
shot up in flame,

When "Now for the dragon !

Who hunts the dragon ? "

The call from the watchers came ;

And, shaking the mists of sleep away,

The men stepped into the light of day,

Twice two hundred in loose array ; 10

With a good round dozen of bards to lead them

And their wives all waving their hands to speed
them,

While the Chief Bard, fixed in his chair of state,
With his harp and his wreath looked most sedate.

It wasn't his place to fight or tramp ;

When the warriors went he stayed in camp ;

But still from his chair he harped them on

Till the very last of the host had gone,

Then he yawned and solemnly shook his head

And, leaving his seat, returned to bed, 20

To sleep, as a good man will

Who, braving malice and tittle-tattle,

Has checked his natural lust for battle,

And sent the rest to the gorse-clad summit, the sum-
mit of Winter Hill.

Marching at ease in the cheerful air, on duty and
daring bent,

In quest of the dragon,

The fateful dragon,

The fierce four hundred went :

Over the hills and through the plain,

And up the slopes of the hills again. . . . 30

THE DRAGON OF WINTER HILL

Softly, silently, all tip-toeing,
With their lips drawn tight and their eyes all
glowing,
With gleaming teeth and straining ears
And the sunshine laughing on swords and spears,
Softly, silently on they go
To the hidden lair of the fearful foe.
They have neared the stream, they have crossed
the bridge,
And they stop in sight of the rugged ridge,
And it's "Flankers back !" and "Skirmishers
in !"
And the summit is theirs to lose or win— 10
To win with honour or lose with shame ;
And so to the place itself they came,
And gazed with an awful thrill
At the ridge of omen,
Beset by foemen,
At the arduous summit, the gorse-clad summit, the
summit of Winter Hill.

But where was the dragon, the scale-clad dragon, the
dragon that Dickon saw,
The genuine dragon,
The pitiless dragon,
The dragon that knew no law ? 20
Lo, just as the word to charge rang out,
And before they could give their battle shout,
On a stony ledge
Of the ridge's edge,
With its lips curled back and its teeth laid bare,
And a hiss that ripped the morning air,
With its backbone arched
And its tail well starched,
With bristling hair and flattened ears,
What shape of courage and wrath appears ? 30
A cat, a tortoiseshell mother-cat !

POEMS FOR YOUTH

And a very diminutive cat at that !
And below her, nesting upon the ground,
A litter of tiny kits they found :
Tortoiseshell kittens, one, two, three,
Lying as snug as snug could be.
And they took the kittens with shouts of laughter
And turned for home, and the cat came after.
And when in the camp they told their tale,
The women—but stop ! I draw a veil.
The cat had tent-life forced upon her 10
And was kept in comfort and fed with honour ;
 But Dickon has heard his fill
 Of the furious dragon,
 They tried to bag on
The dragonless summit, the gorse-clad summit, the
 summit of Winter Hill !

R. C. LEHMANN

GILLESPIE

RIDING at dawn, riding alone,
 Gillespie left the town behind ;
Before he turned by the Westward road
 A horseman crossed him, staggering blind.

“ The Devil’s abroad in false Vellore, 20
 The Devil that stabs by night,” he said,
“ Women and children, rank and file,
 Dying and dead, dying and dead.”

Without a word, without a groan,
 Sudden and swift Gillespie turned,
The blood roared in his ears like fire,
 Like fire the road beneath him burned.

GILLESPIE

He thundered back to Arcot gate,
He thundered up through Arcot town,
Before he thought a second thought
In the barrack yard he lighted down.

“ Trumpeter, sound for the Light Dragoons,
Sound to saddle and spur,” he said ;
“ He that is ready may ride with me,
And he that can may ride ahead.”

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
Behind him went the troopers grim, 10
They rode as ride the Light Dragoons
But never a man could ride with him.

Their rowels ripped their horses' sides,
Their hearts were red with a deeper goad,
But ever alone before them all
Gillespie rode, Gillespie rode.

Alone he came to false Vellore,
The walls were lined, the gates were barred ;
Alone he walked where the bullets hit,
And called above to the Sergeant's Guard. 20

“ Sergeant, Sergeant, over the gate,
Where are your officers all ? ” he said ;
Heavily came the Sergeant's voice,
“ There are two living and forty dead.”

“ A rope, a rope,” Gillespie cried :
They bound their belts to serve his need ;
There was not a rebel behind the wall
But laid his barrel and drew his bead.

There was not a rebel among them all
But pulled his trigger and cursed his aim, 30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

For lightly swung and rightly swung
Over the gate Gillespie came.

He dressed the line, he led the charge,
They swept the wall like a stream in spate,
And roaring over the roar they heard
The galloper guns that burst the gate.

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
The troopers rode the reeking flight :
The very stones remember still
The end of them that stab by night. 10

They've kept the tale a hundred years,
They'll keep the tale a hundred more :
Riding at dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie came to false Vellore.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD BRIDGE

" HASTE thee, Harold, haste thee North !
Norway ships in Humber crowd.
Tall Hardrada, Sigurd's son,
For thy ruin this hath done—
England for his own hath vowed.

" The earls have fought, the earls are fled. 20
From Tyne to Ouse the homesteads flame.
York behind her battered wall
Waits the instant of her fall
• And the shame of England's name.

THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD BRIDGE

“ Traitor Tosti’s banner streams
With the invading Raven’s wing ;
Black the land and red the skies
Where Northumbria bleeds and cries
For thy vengeance, England’s King ! ”

Since that frightened summons flew
Not twelve suns have sprung and set.
Northward marching night and day
Has King Harold kept his way.
The hour is come ; the hosts are met.

10

Morn thro’ thin September mist
Flames on moving helm and man.
On either side of Derwent’s banks
Are the Northmen’s shielded ranks.
But silent stays the English van.

A rider to Earl Tosti comes :
“ Turn thee, Tosti, to thy kin !
Harold thy brother brings thee sign
All Northumbria shall be thine.
Make thy peace, ere the fray begin ! ”

20

“ And if I turn me to my kin,
And if I stay the Northmen’s hand,
What will Harold give to his friend this day ?
To Norway’s king what price will he pay
Out of this English land ? ”

That rider laughed a mighty laugh.
“ Six full feet of English soil !
Or, since he is taller than the most,
Seven feet shall he have to boast ;
This Harold gives for Norway’s spoil.”

30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

“ What rider was he that spoke thee fair ? ”
Harold Hardrada to Tosti cried.
“ It was Harold of England spoke me fair ;
But now of his bane let him beware.
Set on, set on ! we will wreck his pride.”

Sudden arrows flashed and flew ;
Dark lines of English leapt and rushed
With sound of storm that stung like hail,
And steel rang sharp on supple mail 9
With thrust that pierced, and blow that crushed.

And sullenly back in a fierce amaze
The Northmen gave to the river-side.
The main of their host on the further shore
Could help them nothing, pressed so sore.
In the ooze they fought ; in the wave they died.

On a narrow bridge alone one man
The English mass and fury stays.
The spears press close, the timber cracks,
But high he swings his dreadful axe ;
With every stroke a life he slays ; 20

Till pierced at last from the stream below
He falls ; the Northmen break and shout.
Forward they hurl in wild onset.
But as struggling fish in a mighty net
The English hem them round about.

Now Norway's king grew battle-mad,
Mad with joy of his strength he smote.
But as he hewed his battle-path
And heaped the dead men for a swath,
An arrow clove him through the throat, 30

THE BLOWING OF THE HORN

And where he slaughtered, red he fell.
O then was Norway's hope undone,
Doomed men were they that fought in vain,
Hardrada slain, and Tosti slain !
The field was lost, the field was won.

York this night rings all her bells.
Harold feasts within her halls.
The captains lift their wine-cups.—Hark !
What hoofs come thudding through the dark
And sudden stop ? What silence falls ? 10

Spent with riding staggers in
One who cries : “ Fell news I bring,
Duke William has o'erpast the sea.
His host is camped at Pevensey.
Save us, save England now, O King ! ”

Woe to Harold ! Twice 'tis not
His to conquer and to save.
Well he knows the lot is cast.
England claims him to the last.
South he marches to his grave. 20

LAURENCE BINYON

THE BLOWING OF THE HORN

(From *The Song of Roland*)

ROLAND gripped his horn with might and main,
Put it to his mouth and blew a great strain.
The hills were high and the sound was very plain,
Thirty leagues thence they heard the strain,
Charles heard it, and all his train.
“ Our men are fighting,” said Charlemain.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

And the Count Guenes answered him again,
" If another said that, we should think him insane."
Ahoy.

Roland was broken by pain and outworn,
In great anguish he blew his horn ;
Out of his mouth the bright blood did fall,
The temples of his brain were now all torn :
He blew a great noise as he held the horn.
Charles heard it in the pass forlorn,
Naimes heard it, the Franks listened all. 10
Then the King said, " I hear Roland's horn ;
He would never blow it if he were not overborne."
Guenes answered, " You are old and outworn,
Such words are worthy of a child new-born,
There is no battle at all, neither won nor lorn.
Ahoy.

" Moreover, you know of Roland's great pride,
It is a marvel that God lets him bide.
Without your command and knowing you would
chide,
He took Noples, and killed the men inside, 20
With his sword Durendal he smote them hip and
side,
Then with water washed the fields where the blood
had dried,
So that his killings might never be spied.
All day long he will horn a hare and ride,
Gabbing before his peers, showing his pride,
No man would dare attack him in all the world wide.
Press on your horse now. Why do you abide ?
France is still far from us over the divide."
Ahoy.

Count Roland's mouth bled from a vein, 30
Broken were the temples that held his brain,

THE ESCAPE

He blew his horn in grief and in pain,
The Franks heard it and Charlemain.
The King said, "That horn blows a long strain."
Duke Naimes answered, "Roland is in pain.
There is a battle, by my hope of gain,
He here has betrayed him who did so feign ;
Put on your war-gear, cry your war-cry again,
Go and succour your noble train,
You hear clearly how Roland does complain." 9
Ahoy.

The Emperor made his trumpets blow clear,
The Franks dismounted to put on their gear.
Hawberks and helmets and swords with gold gear,
Men had shields and many a strong spear,
And banners scarlet, white and blue in the air to rear.
On his war-horse mounted each peer,
And spurred right through the pass among the rocks
sheer :
Each man said to his comrade dear,
"If we reach Roland ere he be dead on bier,
We will strike good blows with him and make the
pagans fear." 20
But they had stayed too long, and they were nowhere
near. Ahoy.
JOHN MASEFIELD

THE ESCAPE

TOOTHLESS, lanthorn-jawed and bald,
Bent and hobbling on two sticks,
Helpless by his burning ricks
Old Jake Jackson raged and called—
Bawled and called in vain for help :
All his hands were at the fair

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Junketing, and none was there
To hear or heed his frantic yelp
As he watched the thirsty flame
Lapping up his golden wheat,
Till at last the glare and heat
His old senses overcame,
And he flung away his sticks—
Nimble as a two-year-old
Leapt into the roaring gold
And perished with his burning ricks. 10

When they came back from the fair
All in vain for him they called,
Round the steading searched and bawled—
Could not find him anywhere—
Bawled and called for him in vain :
Ricks and man were smouldering ash
Sizzling in the sudden splash
Of a burst of thunder-rain.
Though they raked the ashes through,
Of their master they found naught : 20
So the coffin he had bought
Second-hand, as good as new,
And beneath his bed had kept,
Was no bargain after all ;
And the grave-plot by the wall
Nigh where his forefathers slept,
He'd long rented, wasted too !
Not for him in clammy gloom
To await the crack of doom,
Seeped and sodden through and through 30
In the sour and wormy mould
Where his outstripped kinsmen lie—
He the first to reach the sky
Charioted in fiery gold !

W. W. GIBSON

THE PRINCESS AND THE GIPSIES

THE PRINCESS AND THE GIPSIES

As I looked out one May morning
I saw the tree-tops green ;
I said " My crown I will lay down
And live no more a queen."

Then I tripped down my golden steps
All in my silken gown,
And when I stood in the open wood
I met some gipsies brown.

" O gentle, gentle gipsies,
That roam the wide world through, 10
Because I hate my crown and state
O let me come with you.

" My councillors are old and grey,
And sit in narrow chairs ;
But you can hear the birds sing clear,
And your hearts are light as theirs."

" If you would come along with us
Then you must count the cost ;
For though in spring the sweet birds sing,
In winter comes the frost. 20

" Your ladies serve you all the day
With courtesy and care ;
Your fine-shod feet they tread so neat ;
But gipsies' feet go bare.

" You wash in water running warm
Through basins all of gold ;
The streams where we roam have silvery foam,
But the streams, the streams are cold.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

“ And barley-bread is bitter to taste,
While sugary cakes they please—
Which will you choose, O which will you choose,
Which will you choose of these ?

“ For if you choose the mountain streams
And barley-bread to eat,
Your heart will be free as the birds in the tree,
But the stones will cut your feet.

“ The mud will spoil your silken gown,
And stain your insteps high ; 10
The dogs in the farm will wish you harm
And bark as you go by.

“ And though your heart grow deep and gay,
And your heart grow wise and rich,
The cold will make your bones to ache
And you will die in a ditch.”

“ O gentle, gentle gipsies,
That roam the wide world through,
Although I praise your wandering ways
I dare not come with you.” 20

I hung about their fingers brown
My ruby rings and chain,
And with my head as heavy as lead
I turned me back again.

As I went up the palace steps,
I heard the gipsies laugh ;
The birds of Spring so sweet did sing ;
My heart it broke in half.

FRANCES CORNFORD

LYRICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE
POEMS

THE OLD CLOAK

THIS winter's weather it waxeth cold,
And frost it freezeth on every hill,
And Boreas blows his blast so bold
That all our cattle are like to spill.
Bell, my wife, she loves no strife ;
She said unto me quietlye,
Rise up, and save cow Crumbock's life !
Man, put thine old cloak about thee !

He. O Bell, my wife, why dost thou flyte ?
Thou kens my cloak is very thin : 10
It is so bare and overworn,
A crickè thereon cannot rin.
Then I'll no longer borrow or lend ;
For once I'll new apparell'd be ;
To-morrow I'll to town and spend ;
For I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. Cow Crumbock is a very good cow :
She has been always true to the pail ;
She has helped us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things she will not fail. 20
I would be loth to see her pine.
Good husband, counsel take of me :
It is not for us to go so fine—
Man, take thine old cloak about thee !

He. My cloak it was a very good cloak,
It hath been always true to the wear ;
But now it is not worth a groat :
I have had it four and forty year.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Sometime it was of cloth in grain :
'Tis now but a sigh clout, as you may see :
It will neither hold out wind nor rain ;
And I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. It is four and forty years ago
Sine the one of us the other did ken ;
And we have had betwixt us two,
Of children either nine or ten :
We have brought them up to women and men :
In the fear of God I trow they be. 10
And why wilt thou thyself misken ?
Man, take thine old cloak about thee !

He. O Bell, my wife, why dost thou flyte ?
Now is now, and then was then :
Seek now all the world throughout,
Thou kens not clowns from gentlemen :
They are clad in black, green, yellow and blue,
So far above their own degree.
Once in my life I'll take a view ;
For I'll have a new cloak about me. 20

She. King Stephen was a worthy peer ;
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
Therefore he called the tailor "lown."
He was a king and wore the crown,
And thou'se but of a low degree :
It's pride that puts this country down :
Man, take thy old cloak about thee !

Bell, my wife, she loves not strife,
Yet she will lead me, if she can ; 30
And to maintain an easy life.
I oft must yield, though I'm good-man.

JOLLY GOOD ALE

It's not for a man with a woman to threap,
Unless he first give o'er the plea :
As we began, so will we keep,
And I'll take my old cloak about me.

ANONYMOUS

JOLLY GOOD ALE

BACK and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold :
But belly God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I can not eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good : 10
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold :
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, etc.

I love no roast, but a nut-brown toast
And a crab laid in the fire,
A little bread shall do me stead, 20
Much bread I not desire :
No frost nor snow, no wind I trow,
Can hurt me if I would,
I am so wrapt, and throughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, etc.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till you may see
The tears run down her cheek :
Then doth she troll to me the bowl
Even as a malt-worm should,
And saith " Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."

Back and side go bare, etc.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink, 10
Even as good fellows should do ;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to :
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls
Or have them lustily trolled,
God save the lives of them and their wives
Whether they be young or old.

Back and side go bare, etc.

WILLIAM STEVENSON

QUEEN MAB

THIS is Mab, the mistress Fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy, 20
And can help or hurt the churning,
As she please without discerning.

She that pinches country wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches,
And with sharper nails remembers
When they rake not up their embers :
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester.

PHILOMEL

This is she that empties cradles,
Takes out children, puts in ladles :
Trains forth old wives in their slumber,
With a sieve the holes to number ;
And then leads them from her burrows,
Home through ponds and water-furrows.

She can start our franklin's daughters,
In their sleep, with shrieks and laughter ;
And on sweet St. Anna's night,
Feed them with a promised sight, 10
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers.

BEN JONSON

PHILOMEL

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring ;
Everything did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone : 20
She, poor bird, as all forlorn
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the doleful'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.

Fie, fie, fie ! now would she cry ;
Tereu, tereu ! by and by ;
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own. 30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Ah ! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee :
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead ;
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing :
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

10

RICHARD BARNFIELD

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon :
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

20

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the Summer's rain ;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

30

ROBERT HERRICK

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

OF all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
And through the streets does cry 'em ; 10
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em :
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally !
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely ;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely— 20
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday ;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally ; 30
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named ;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again
O then I shall have money ; 10
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey :
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley ; 20
But when my seven long years are out
O then I'll marry Sally,—
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley !

HENRY CAREY

A CRADLE SONG

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night ;
Sleep, sleep ; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep !
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.

10

WILLIAM BLAKE

PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me :

“ Pipe a song about a lamb ” ;
So I piped with merry cheer.
“ Piper, pipe that song again ” ;
So I piped ; he wept to hear.

20

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing the songs of happy cheer ” ;
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“ Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read ” ;

POEMS FOR YOUTH

So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE ECHOING GREEN

THE sun does arise,
And make happy the skies ;
The merry bells ring, 10
To welcome the Spring ;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound ;
While our sport shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak, 20
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say,
" Such, such were the joys
When we all—girls and boys—
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green."

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry ;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end. 30

DAFFODILS

Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

WILLIAM BLAKE

A FAREWELL

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie : 10
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready ;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody ;
But it's no the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry ; 20
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

ROBERT BURNS

DAFFODILS

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,

POEMS FOR YOUTH

When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. 10

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company :
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ; 20
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

MARCH

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;

AFTER BLENHEIM

The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon ! 10
There's joy on the mountains ;
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green 20
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by ;

POEMS FOR YOUTH

And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
“ ’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“ Who fell in the great victory.

“ I find them in the garden,
For there’s many here about ;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out.
For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Were slain in that great victory.” 10

“ Now tell us what ’twas all about,”
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.”

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out. 20
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“ That ’twas a famous victory.

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly :
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“ They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ; 30
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun :

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won
And our good Prince Eugene ; ”
“ Why, ’twas a very wicked thing ! ”
Said little Wilhelmine ;
“ Nay . . nay . . my little girl,” quoth he,
“ It was a famous victory.

“ And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.” 10
“ But what good came of it at last ? ”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“ Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
“ But ’twas a famous victory.”

ROBERT SOUTHEY

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time ;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We’ll sing at St. Anne’s our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight’s past. 20

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
O, sweetly we’ll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight’s past.

Ottawa’s tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers ;
O grant us cool heavens and favouring airs !
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.
THOMAS MOORE

THE MINSTREL-BOY

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
“ Land of song ! ” said the warrior-bard,
“ Though all the world betrays thee, 10
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee ! ”

The Minstrel fell—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder ;
And said, “ No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery ! ” 20
THOMAS MOORE

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast ;

GIPSIES

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free— 10
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
But hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea. 20
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

GIPSIES

THE snow falls deep ; the forest lies alone ;
The boy goes hasty for his load of brakes,
Then thinks upon the fire and hurries back ;
The gipsy knocks his hands and tucks them up,
And seeks his squalid camp, half hid in snow,
Beneath the oak which breaks away the wind,
And bushes close in snow-like hovel warm ;
There tainted mutton wastes upon the coals,
And the half-wasted dog squats close and rubs,
Then feels the heat too strong, and goes aloof ; 30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

He watches well, but none a bit can spare,
And vainly waits the morsel thrown away.
'Tis thus they live—a picture to the place,
A quiet, pilfering, unprotected race.

JOHN CLARE

MEG MERRILIES

OLD MEG she was a gipsy,
And lived upon the moors ;
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.
Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants, pods o' broom ; 10
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen trees ;
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.
No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And, 'stead of supper, she would stare
Full hard against the moon. 20

But every morn, of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And, every night, the dark glen yew
She wove, and she would sing.
And with her fingers, old and brown,
She plaited mats of rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

A SONG

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon ;
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A chip-hat had she on :
God rest her agèd bones somewhere !
She died full long ago !

JOHN KEATS

AN ELFIN KNIGHT

HE put his acorn helmet on ;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down ;
The corselet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest ;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies ;
His shield was the shell of a ladybird green,
Studs of gold on a ground of green ;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.

Swift he bestrode his firefly steed ;
 He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue ;
 He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
 And away like a glance of thought he flew 20
 To skim the heavens, and follow far
 The fiery trail of the rocket star.

J. R. DRAKE

A SONG

A LAKE and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear,

POEMS FOR YOUTH

And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here.

Thy gown should be snow-white silk,
And strings of orient pearls
Like gossamers dipped in milk
Should twine with thy raven curls.

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower ;
But fairies have broke their wands,
And wishing has lost its power. 10
THOMAS HOOD

THE BEGGAR MAID

HER arms across her breast she laid ;
She was more fair than words can say :
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stepped down,
To meet and greet her on her way ;
“ It is no wonder,” said the lords,
“ She is more beautiful than day.”

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen : 20
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been :
Cophetua sware a royal oath :
“ This beggar maid shall be my queen ! ”
LORD TENNYSON

THE LAST BUCCANEER

THE OWL

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round ;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch 10
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay ;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

LORD TENNYSON

THE LAST BUCCANEER

OH, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich
and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I ;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and
stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons round
about ; 20
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them
loyally.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards
of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk
of old ;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard
as stone,
Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them
to the bone.

Oh, the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that shone
like gold,
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to
behold ;
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did
flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh, sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the
roar II
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched
the shore.

But Scripture saith an ending to all fine things must be;
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put down
were we.
All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the
booms at night ;
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing
she died ;
But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg until
I die. 20

“HOW’S MY BOY?”

And now I’m old and going—I’m sure I can’t tell
where ;

One comfort is, this world’s so hard, I can’t be worse
off there :

If I might but be a sea-dove, I’d fly across the main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

“HOW’S MY BOY?”

“Ho, sailor of the sea !
How’s my boy—my boy ?”

“What’s your boy’s name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he ?”

“My boy John—

He that went to sea—

10

What care I for the ship, sailor ?

My boy’s my boy to me.

“You come back from sea

And not know my John !

I might as well have asked some landsman

Yonder down in the town.

There’s not an ass in all the parish

But he knows my John.

“How’s my boy—my boy ?

And unless you let me know,

20

I’ll swear you are no sailor,

Blue jacket or no,

Brass button or no, sailor,

Anchor and crown or no !

Sure his ship was the Jolly Briton.”—

“Speak low, woman, speak low !”

POEMS FOR YOUTH

“ And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John ?
If I was loud as I am proud
I’d sing him o’er the town !
Why should I speak low, sailor ? ”
“ That good ship went down.”

“ How’s my boy—my boy ?
What care I for the ship, sailor,
I never was aboard her ;
Be she afloat, or be she aground, 10
Sinking or swimming, I’ll be bound,
Her owners can afford her !
I say, how’s my John ? ”
“ Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her.”

“ How’s my boy—my boy ?
What care I for the men, sailor ?
I’m not their mother—
How’s my boy—my boy ?
Tell me of him and no other ! 20
How’s my boy—my boy ? ”

SYDNEY DOBELL

THE DANES

THEIR sails, as black as a starless night,
Came moving on, with a sullen might ;
Rows of gleaming shields there hung,
Over the gunwales in order slung ;
And the broad black banners fluttered and flapped
Like raven’s pinions, as dipped and lapped
The Norsemen’s galleys ; their axes shone ;
Every Dane had a hauberk on—

A FABLE

Glittering gold ; how each robber lord
Waved in the air his threatening sword !
One long swift rush through surf and foam
And they leapt, ere the rolling wave had gone.

G. W. THORNBURY

A FABLE

IN the old old times
The harebells had their chimes,
I can tell you, and could sing out loud and brave ;
But Queen Titania said
That they quite confused her head,
And she really must request— 10
And, in short, she gave no rest
To her silly Lord and Master,
Till his royal word he'd passed her
That the little darling harebells,
The merry little harebells,
Should be for ever silent as the grave.

Then to each little root
Sank down so sad and mute
Even the tiniest little tremor of a tinkle.
But when evening is come, 20
And the noisy day is dumb,
And the stars above the vale begin to twinkle,
Then, shy as is a fly,
Poor Oberon will come,
And lean him to the whispers
Of the lovely little lispers,
And he'll listen, and he'll listen, and he'll sigh.

T. E. BROWN

POEMS FOR YOUTH

SUMMER

WINTER is cold-hearted,
Spring is yea and nay,
Autumn is a weather-cock
Blown every way :
Summer days for me
When every leaf is on its tree ;

When Robin's not a beggar,
And Jenny Wren's a bride,
And larks hang singing, singing, singing,
Over the wheat fields wide, IO
And anchored lilies ride,
And the pendulum spider
Swings from side to side,

And blue-black beetles transact business
And gnats fly in a host,
And furry caterpillars hasten
That no time be lost,
And moths grow fat and thrive,
And ladybirds arrive.

Before green apples blush, 20
 Before green nuts embrown,
 Why, one day in the country
 Is worth a month in town ;
 Is worth a day and a year
 Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
 That days drone elsewhere.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

LINES FOR A BED AT KELMSCOTT MANOR

A SONG

THE feathers of the willow
Are half of them grown yellow
Above the swelling stream ;
And ragged are the bushes,
And rusty now the rushes,
And wild the clouded gleam.

The thistle now is older,
His stalk begins to moulder,
His head is white as snow ;
The branches all are barer, 10
The linnet's song is rarer,
The robin pipeth now.

R. W. DIXON

LINES FOR A BED AT KELMSCOTT MANOR

“ THE wind's on the wold
And the night is a-cold,
And Thames runs chill
Twixt mead and hill,
But kind and dear
Is the old house here,
And my heart is warm
Midst winter's harm. 20
Rest then and rest,
And think of the best
Twixt summer and spring
When all birds sing

POEMS FOR YOUTH

In the town of the tree,
And ye lie in me
And scarce dare move
Lest earth and its love
Should fade away
Ere the full of the day.

I am old and have seen
Many things that have been,
Both grief and peace,
And wane and increase.
No tale I tell
Of ill or well,
But this I say,
Night treadeth on day,
And for worst and best
Right good is rest."

10

WILLIAM MORRIS

THE OLD SQUIRE

I LIKE the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox ;
I like the joyous morning air,
And the crowing of the cocks.

20

I like the calm of the early fields,
The ducks asleep by the lake,
The quiet hour which Nature yields,
Before mankind is awake.

I like the pheasants and feeding things
Of the unsuspecting morn ;
I like the flap of the wood-pigeon's wings
As she rises from the corn.

THE OLD SQUIRE

I like the blackbird's shriek, and his rush
From the turnips as I pass by,
And the partridge hiding her head in a bush
For her young ones cannot fly.

I like these things, and I like to ride
When all the world is in bed,
To the top of the hill where the sky grows wide,
And where the sun grows red.

The beagles at my horse heels trot
In silence after me ; 10
There's Ruby, Roger, Diamond, Dot,
Old Slut and Margery,—

A score of names well-used and dear,
The names my childhood knew ;
The horn, with which I rouse their cheer,
Is the horn my father blew.

I like the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox ;
The new world still is all less fair
Than the old world it mocks. 20

I covet not a wider range
Than these dear manors give ;
I take my pleasures without change,
And as I lived I live.

I leave my neighbours to their thought ;
My choice it is, and pride,
On my own lands to find my sport,
In my own fields to ride.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

The hare herself no better loves
The field where she was bred
Than I the habit of these groves,
My own inherited.

I know my quarries every one,
The meuse where she sits low ;
The road she chose to-day was run
A hundred years ago.

The lags, the gills, the forest ways,
The hedgerows one and all, 10
These are the kingdoms of my chase,
And bounded by my wall ;

Nor has the world a better thing,
Though one should search it round,
Than thus to live one's own sole king,
Upon one's own sole ground.

I like the hunting of the hare ;
It brings me, day by day,
The memory of old days as fair,
With dead men passed away. 20

To these, as homeward still I ply
And pass the churchyard gate
Where all are laid as I must lie,
I stop and raise my hat.

I like the hunting of the hare ;
New sports I hold in scorn ;
I like to be as my fathers were
In the days ere I was born.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

THE NIGHT OF TRAFALGAR

WEATHERS

THIS is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I ;
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
And nestlings fly :
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And they sit outside at " The Travellers' Rest,"
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,
And citizens dream of the south and west,
And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns, 10
And so do I ;
When beeches drip in browns and duns,
And thresh, and ply ;
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,
And so do I.

THOMAS HARDY

THE NIGHT OF TRAFALGÁR

IN the wild October night-time, when the wind raved
round the land,
And the Back-sea met the Front-sea, and our doors
were blocked with sand, 20
And we heard the drub of Dead-man's Bay, where
bones of thousands are,
We knew not what the day had done for us at
Trafalgár.

(All) Had done,
Had done,
For us at Trafalgár !

POEMS FOR YOUTH

“ Pull hard, and make the Nothe, or down we go ! ”
 one says, says he.
We pulled ; and bedtime brought the storm ; but
 snug at home slept we.
Yet all the while our gallants after fighting through
 the day,
Were beating up and down the dark, sou'-west of
 Cadiz Bay.
 (All) The dark,
 The dark,
 Sou'-west of Cadiz Bay !

The victors and the vanquished then the storm it
 tossed and tore,
As hard they strove, those worn-out men, upon that
 surly shore ;
Dead Nelson and his half-dead crew, his foes from
 near and far, 10
Were rolled together on the deep that night at
 Trafalgár.
 (All) The deep,
 The deep,
 That night at Trafalgár !
 THOMAS HARDY

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S

A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY AND
 THE TOWN

THE ladies of St. James's
 Go swinging to the play ;
Their footmen run before them,
 With a “ Stand by ! Clear the way ! ”

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S

But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
She takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's
Wear satin on their backs ;
They sit all night at *Ombre*,
With candles all of wax :
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
She dons her russet gown, 10
And runs to gather May dew
Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's !
They are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences
Was broken in the air :
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
The breath of heath and furze,
When breezes blow at morning,
Is not so fresh as hers. 20

The ladies of St. James's !
They're painted to the eyes,
Their white it stays for ever,
Their red it never dies :
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
Her colour comes and goes ;
It trembles to a lily,—
It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's !
You scarce can understand 30
The half of all their speeches,
Their phrases are so grand :

POEMS FOR YOUTH

But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
Her shy and simple words
Are clear as after rain-drops
The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's !
They have their fits and freaks ;
They smile on you—for seconds ;
They frown on you—for weeks :
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
Come either storm or shine, 10
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,
Is always true—and mine.

My Phyllida ! my Phyllida !
I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James's,
And give me all to keep ;
I care not whose the beauties
Of all the world may be,
For Phyllida—for Phyllida
Is all the world to me ! 20

AUSTIN DOBSON

THE WINDMILL

THE green corn waving in the dale,
The ripe grass waving on the hill :
I lean across the paddock pale
And gaze upon the giddy mill.

Its hurtling sails a mighty sweep
Cut thro' the air : with rushing sound
Each strikes in fury down the steep,
Rattles, and whirls in chase around.

IN LONDON TOWN

Beside his sacks the miller stands
On high within the open door :
A book and pencil in his hands,
His grist and meal he reckoneth o'er.

His tireless merry slave the wind
Is busy with his work to-day :
From whenceso'er, he comes to grind ;
He hath a will and knows the way.

He gives the creaking sails a spin,
The circling millstones faster flee, 10
The shuddering timbers groan within,
And down the shoot the meal runs free.

The miller giveth him no thanks,
And doth not much his work o'erlook :
He stands beside the sacks, and ranks
The figures in his dusty book.

ROBERT BRIDGES

IN LONDON TOWN

It was a bird of Paradise,
Over the roofs he flew.
All the children in a trice,
Clapped their hands and cried, " How nice ! "
" Look—his wings are blue ! " 21

His body was of ruby red,
His eyes of burning gold.
All the grown-up people said,
" What a pity the creature is not dead,
For then it could be sold ! "

POEMS FOR YOUTH

One was braver than the rest.
He took a loaded gun ;
Aiming at the emerald crest,
He shot the creature through the breast.
Down it fell in the sun.

It was not heavy, it was not fat,
And folk began to stare.
“ We cannot eat it, that is flat !
And such outlandish feathers as that
Why, who could ever wear ? ” 10

They flung it into the river brown.
“ A pity the creature died ! ”
With a smile and with a frown,
Thus they did in London town ;
But all the children cried.

MARY E. COLERIDGE

THE OWL

WHEN the winds overhead were sweeping,
And the whole loud woodland was astir,
You were perched, like a weary hermit, sleeping
In a dark tangled fork of the fir.

But at last when the tired wind was winging 20
To the edge of the smouldering light,
Your laughter, wild and horrible, came ringing
And sent a sudden chill through the night.

You laughed, demoniacally dreaming
Of the rush of the startled mouse,
When you with your grey wing gleaming
Sweep low o'er his heathery house.

A SMUGGLER'S SONG

And quiet woodland things without number,
Who were couched in bracken and in brake,
Shivered chill, on the edge of slumber,
At the thought of a wicked thing awake.

Thrice you turned your hornèd head in the shadow,
And blinked with impenetrable eyes,
Then out over copse and misty meadow
You swept under shrouded skies.

The bell beat one in the village,
With the firelight red in the room, 10
As you came and went, to slav and to pillage,
With your soft wing flapping in the gloom.

A. C. BENSON

THE SONG OF THE OLD MOTHER

I RISE in the dawn, and I kneel and blow
Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow ;
And then I must scrub and bake and sweep
Till stars are beginning to blink and peep ;
And the young lie long and dream in their bed
Of the matching of ribbons for bosom and head,
And their day goes over in idleness,
And they sigh if the wind but lift a tress : 20
While I must work because I am old,
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

W. B. YEATS

A SMUGGLER'S SONG

If you wake at midnight, and hear a horse's feet,
Don't go drawing back the blind, or looking in the
street,

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Them that ask no questions isn't told a lie.
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen
go by !

Five and twenty ponies,
Trotting through the dark—
Brandy for the Parson,
'Baccy for the Clerk ;
Laces for a lady, letters for a spy,
And watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen
go by !

Running round the woodlump if you chance to find
Little barrels, roped and tarred, all full of brandy-
wine, 10
Don't you shout to come and look, nor use 'em for
your play.
Put the brishwood back again—and they'll be gone
next day !

If you see the stable-door setting open wide ;
If you see a tired horse lying down inside ;
If your mother mends a coat cut about and tore ;
If the lining's wet and warm—don't you ask no more !

If you meet King George's men, dressed in blue
and red,
You be careful what you say, and mindful what is
said.
If they call you " pretty maid," and chuck you 'neath
the chin,
Don't you tell where no one is, nor yet where no
one's been ! 20

Knocks and footsteps round the house—whistles after
dark—
You've no call for running out till the house-dogs
bark.

DANE-GELD

Trusty's here, and *Pincher's* here, and see how dumb
they lie—

They don't fret to follow when the Gentlemen go by !

If you do as you've been told, 'likely there's a chance,
You'll be give a dainty doll, all the way from France,
With a cap of Valenciennes, and a velvet hood—

A present from the Gentlemen, along o' being good !

Five and twenty ponies,
Trotting through the dark—
Brandy for the Parson,
'Baccy for the Clerk.

10

Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie—

Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen
go by !

RUDYARD KIPLING

DANE-GELD

(A.D. 980-1016)

It is always a temptation to an armed and agile
nation,

To call upon a neighbour and to say :—

“ We invaded you last night—we are quite prepared
to fight,

Unless you pay us cash to go away.”

And that is called asking for Dane-geld,

And the people who ask it explain

That you've only to pay 'em the Dane-geld

And then you'll get rid of the Dane !

20

It is always a temptation to a rich and lazy nation,

To puff and look important and to say :—

“ Though we know we should defeat you, we have
not the time to meet you.

We will therefore pay you cash to go away.”

POEMS FOR YOUTH

And that is called paying the Dane-geld ;
But we've proved it again and again,
That if once you have paid him the Dane-geld
You never get rid of the Dane.

It is wrong to put temptation in the path of any
nation,
For fear they should succumb and go astray ;
So when you are requested to pay up or be molested,
You will find it better policy to say :—

“ We never pay *any*-one Dane-geld,
No matter how trifling the cost ;
For the end of that game is oppression and shame,
And the nation that plays it is lost ! ”

RUDYARD KIPLING

AUVERGNAT

THERE was a man was half a clown
(It's so my father tells of it).
He saw the church in Clermont town
And laughed to hear the bells of it.

He laughed to hear the bells that ring
In Clermont Church and round of it ;
He heard the verger's daughter sing,
And loved her for the sound of it.

The verger's daughter said him nay ;
She had the right of choice in it.
He left the town at break of day :
He hadn't had a voice in it.

THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

The road went up, the road went down,
And there the matter ended it.
He broke his heart in Clermont town,
At Pontgibaud they mended it.

HILAIRE BELLOC

THE KINGFISHER

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
And left thee all her lovely hues ;
And, as her mother's name was Tears,
So runs it in thy blood to choose
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep
In company with trees that weep. 10

Go you and, with such glorious hues,
Live with proud Peacocks in green parks ;
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,
Let every feather show its mark ;
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain ;
Thou hast no proud ambitious mind ;
I also love a quiet place
That's green, away from all mankind ; 20
A lonely pool, and let a tree
Sigh with her bosom over me.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

'TWOULD ring the bells of Heaven
The wildest peal for years,

POEMS FOR YOUTH

If Parson lost his senses
And people came to theirs,
And he and they together
Knelt down with angry prayers
For tamed and shabby tigers,
And dancing dogs and bears,
And wretched, blind pit ponies,
And little hunted hares.

RALPH HODGSON

EVE

EVE, with her basket, was
Deep in the bells and grass, 10
Wading in bells and grass
Up to her knees,
Picking a dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Down in the bells and grass
Under the trees.

Mute as a mouse in a
Corner the cobra lay,
Curled round a bough of the
Cinnamon tall. . . . 20
Now to get even and
Humble proud heaven and
Now was the moment or
Never at all.

“Eva !” Each syllable
Light as a flower fell,
“Eva !” he whispered the
Wondering maid,

EVE

Soft as a bubble sung
Out of a linnet's lung,
Soft and most silverly
"Eva !" he said.

Picture that orchard sprite,
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger tips,
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering, 10
Eve with a berry
Half-way to her lips.

Oh had our simple Eve
Seen through the make-believe !
Had she but known the
Pretender he was !
Out of the boughs he came,
Whispering still her name,
Tumbling in twenty rings
Into the grass. 20

Here was the strangest pair
In the world anywhere,
Eve in the bells and grass
Kneeling, and he
Telling his story low. . . .
Singing birds saw them go
Down the dark path to
The Blasphemous Tree.

Oh what a clatter when
Titmouse and Jenny Wren 30
Saw him successful and
Taking his leave !

POEMS FOR YOUTH

How the birds rated him,
How they all hated him !
How they all pitied
Poor motherless Eve !

Picture her crying,
Outside in the lane,
Eve, with no dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Haunting the gate of the
Orchard in vain. . . . 10
Picture the lewd delight
Under the hill to-night—
“Eva !” the toast goes round,
“Eva !” again.

RALPH HODGSON

THE LISTENERS

“Is there anybody there ?” said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door ;
And his horse in the silence champ'd the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor ;
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head : 20
And he smote upon the door again a second time ;
“Is there anybody there ?” he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller ;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Lean'd over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men : 30

NICHOLAS NYE

Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark
stair,

That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.

And he felt in his heart their strangeness,

Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,

'Neath the starred and leafy sky ;

For he suddenly smote on the door, even

Louder, and lifted his head :—

10

“ Tell them I came, and no one answered,

That I kept my word,” he said.

Never the least stir made the listeners,

Though every word he spake

Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house

From the one man left awake :

Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,

And the sound of iron on stone,

And how the silence surged softly backward,

When the plunging hoofs were gone.

20

WALTER DE LA MARE

NICHOLAS NYE

THISTLE and darnel and dock grew there,

And a bush, in the corner, of may ;

On the orchard wall I used to sprawl

In the blazing heat of the day :

Half asleep and half awake,

While the birds went twittering by,

And nobody there my lone to share

But Nicholas Nye.

Nicholas Nye was lean and grey,

Lame of a leg and old,

30

POEMS FOR YOUTH

More than a score of donkey's years
He had seen since he was foaled ;
He munched the thistles, purple and spiked,
Would sometimes stoop and sigh,
And turn his head, as if he said,
" Poor Nicholas Nye ! "

Alone with his shadow he'd drowse in the meadow,
Lazily swinging his tail ;
At break of day he used to bray—
Not much too hearty and hale. 10
But a wonderful gumption was under his skin,
And a clear calm light in his eye ;
And once in a while he would smile a smile,
Would Nicholas Nye.

Seem to be smiling at me, he would,
From his bush, in the corner, of may—
Bony and ownerless, widowed and worn,
Knobble-kneed, lonely, and grey ;
And over the grass would seem to pass,
'Neath the deep dark blue of the sky, 20
Something much better than words between me
And Nicholas Nye.

But dusk would come in the apple boughs,
The green of the glow-worm shine,
The birds in nest would crouch to rest,
And home I'd trudge to mine ;
And there, in the moonlight, dark with dew,
Asking not wherefore nor why,
Would brood like a ghost, and as still as a post,
Old Nicholas Nye. 30

WALTER DE LA MARE

OLD GREY SQUIRREL

THE PARROTS

SOMEWHERE, somewhen I've seen,
But where or when I'll never know,
Three parrots of shrill green
With crests of shriller scarlet flying
Out of black cedars as the sun was dying
Against cold peaks of snow.

From what forgotten life
Of other worlds I cannot tell
Flashes that screeching strife :
Yet the shrill colour and the strident crying 10
Sing through my blood and set my heart replying
And jangling like a bell.

W. W. GIBSON

OLD GREY SQUIRREL

A GREAT while ago, there was a schoolboy.
He lived in a cottage by the sea.
And the very first thing he could remember
Was the rigging of the schooners by the quay.

He could watch them, when he woke, from his
window,
With the tall cranes hoisting out the freight,
And he used to think of shipping as a sea-cook,
And sailing to the Golden Gate. 20

For he used to buy the yellow penny dreadfuls,
And read them when he fished for conger-eels,
And listened to the lapping of the water,
The green and oily water round the keels.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

There were trawlers with their shark-mouthed flat-fish,
And red nets hanging out to dry,
And the skate the skipper kept because he liked 'em,
And landsmen never knew the fish to fry

There were brigantines with timber out of Norrøway,
Oozing with the syrups of the pine.
There were rusty, dusty schooners out of Sunderland,
And ships of the Blue Cross Line.

And to tumble down a hatch into the cabin
Was better than the best of broken rules ; 10
For the smell of 'em was like a Christmas dinner,
And the feel of 'em was like a box of tools.

And, before he went to sleep in the evening,
The very last thing that he could see
Was the sailor-men a-dancing in the moonlight
By the capstan that stood upon the quay.

*He is perched upon a high stool in London.
The Golden Gate is very far away.
They caught him, and they caged him, like a squirrel.
He is totting up accounts, and going grey.* 20

*He will never, never, never sail to 'Frisco.
But the very last thing that he will see
Will be sailor-men a-dancing in the sunrise
By the capstan that stands upon the quay . . .*

*To the tune of an old concertina,
By the capstan that stands upon the quay.*

ALFRED NOYES

ANTHONY CRUNDLE

ANTHONY CRUNDLE

HERE LIES THE BODY OF

ANTHONY CRUNDLE,

FARMER, OF THIS PARISH

WHO DIED IN 1849, AT THE AGE OF 82.

“HIF DELIGHTED IN MUSIC.”

R. I. P.

AND OF

SUSAN,

FOR FIFTY-THREE YEARS HIS WIFE,

WHO DIED IN 1860, AGED 86.

ANTHONY CRUNDLE of Dorrington Wood
Played on a piccolo. Lord was he,
For seventy years, of sheaves that stood
Under the perry and cider tree ;
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

And because he prospered with sickle and scythe,
With cattle afield and labouring ewe,
Anthony was uncommonly blithe,
And played of a night to himself and Sue—
Anthony Crundle, eighty-two. 10

The earth to till and a tune to play,
And Susan for fifty years and three,
And Dorrington Wood at the end of the day. . . .
May Providence do no worse by me ;
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

JOHN DRINKWATER

POEMS FOR YOUTH

THE VAGABOND

I know the pools where the grayling rise,
I know the trees where the filberts fall,
I know the woods where the red fox lies,
The twisted elms where the brown owls call.
And I've seldom a shilling to call my own, 5
And there's never a girl I'd marry,
I thank the Lord I'm a rolling stone
With never a care to carry.

I talk to the stars as they come and go
On every night from July to June, 10
I'm free of speech as the winds that blow,
And I know what weather will sing what tune.
I sow no seed and I pay no rent,
And I thank no man for his bounties,
But I've a treasure that's never spent, 15
I'm Lord of a dozen counties.

JOHN DRINKWATER

THE APPLE TREE

I was hiding in the crooked apple tree,
Scouting for Indians, when a man came !
I thought it was an Indian, for he
Was running like the wind. There was a flame 20
Of sunlight on his hand as he drew near,
And then I saw a knife gripped in his fist !

He panted like a horse ! His eyes were queer !
Wide-open ! Staring frightfully ! And, hist !
His mouth stared open like another eye !
And all his hair was matted down with sweat !

THE IDLERS

I crouched among the leaves lest he should spy
Where I was hiding—so he did not get
His awful eyes on me ; but, like the wind,
He fled as if he heard some thing behind !

JAMES STEPHENS

THERE WAS AN INDIAN

THERE was an Indian, who had known no change,
Who strayed content along a sunlit beach
Gathering shells. He heard a sudden strange
Commingle noise : looked up ; and gasped for
speech.

For in the bay, where nothing was before,
Moved on the sea, by magic, huge canoes, 10
With bellying cloths on poles, and not one oar,
And fluttering coloured signs and clambering crews.

And he, in fear, this naked man alone,
His fallen hands forgetting all their shells,
His lips gone pale, knelt low behind a stone,
And stared, and saw, and did not understand,
Columbus's doom-burdened caravels
Slant to the shore, and all their seamen land.

SIR J. C. SQUIRE

THE IDLERS

THE gipsies lit their fires by the chalk-pit gate anew,
And the hopped horses supped in the further dusk
and dew ; 20
The gnats flocked round the smoke like idlers as they
were
And through the goss and bushes the owls began to
churr.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

An ell above the woods the last of sunset glowed
With a dusky gold that filled the pond beside the
road ;
The cricketers had done, the leas all silent lay,
And the carrier's clattering wheels went past and died
away.

The gipsies lolled and gossiped, and ate their stolen
swedes,
Made merry with mouth-organs, worked toys with
piths of reeds :
The old wives puffed their pipes, nigh as black as
their hair,
And not one of them all seemed to know the name
of care.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

FULL MOON

SHE was wearing the coral taffeta trousers
Someone had brought her from Isfahan, 10
And the little gold coat with pomegranate blossoms,
And the coral-hafted feather fan ;
But she ran down a Kentish lane in the moonlight,
And skipped in the pool of the moon as she ran.

She cared not a rap for all the big planets,
For Betelgeuse or Aldebaran,
And all the big planets cared nothing for her,
The small impertinent charlatan,
As she climbed on a Kentish stile in the moonlight,
And laughed at the sky through the sticks of her fan.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

WIT AND HUMOUR

WIDDECOMBE FAIR

“ TOM PEARSE, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,”
All along, down along, out along, lee ;
“ For I want for to go to Widdecombe Fair,
Wi’ Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter
Davy, Dan’l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.”
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

“ And when shall I see again my grey mare ? ”
All along, down along, out along, lee.
“ By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,
Wi’ Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter
Davy, Dan’l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, 10
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.”
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

Then Friday came and Saturday noon,
All along, down along, out along, lee ;
But Tom Pearse’s old mare hath not trotted home,
Wi’ Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter
Davy, Dan’l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

So Tom Pearse he got up to the top o’ the hill,
All along, down along, out along, lee ; 20
And he seed his old mare down a-making her will,
Wi’ Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter
Davy, Dan’l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

So Tom Pearse's old mare her took sick and her died,
All along, down along, out along, lee ;
And Tom he sat down on a stone and he cried,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter
Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, down along, out along, lee, 10
Tom Pearse's old mare doth appear, gashly white,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter
Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
From Tom Pearse's old mare in her rattling bones,
And from Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all. 20

ANONYMOUS

THE DESPAIRING LOVER

DISTRACTED with Care,
For *Phyllis* the Fair ;
Since nothing cou'd move her,
Poor Damon, her Lover,

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION

Resolves in Despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much Anguish ;
But, mad with his Love,
To a Precipice goes ;
Where, a Leap from above
Wou'd soon finish his Woes.

When in Rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The Sides did appear, 10
And the Bottom how deep ;
His Torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a Lover forsaken
A new Love may get ;
But a Neck, when once broken,
Can never be set :
And, that he cou'd die
Whenever he wou'd ;
But, that he cou'd live 20
But as long as he cou'd :
How grievous soever
The Torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But Bold, Unconcern'd
At Thoughts of the Pain,
He calmly return'd
To his Cottage again.

WILLIAM WALSH

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies : 30
His spouse is in despair ;

POEMS FOR YOUTH

With frequent cries, and mutual sighs,
They both express their care.

“ A different cause,” says Parson Sly,
“ The same effect may give :
Poor Lubin fears that he may die ;
His wife, that he may live.”

MATTHEW PRIOR

AN ELEGY ON THAT GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise. 10

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind ;
She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning,
And never followed wicked ways,—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of wondrous size, 20
She never slumbered in her pcw,—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more ;
The king himself has followed her,—
When she has walked before.

APPLE DUMPLINGS AND A KING

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all ;
The doctors found, when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

APPLE DUMPLINGS AND A KING

ONCE on a time, a Monarch, tir'd with whooping,
Whipping and spurring, 10
Happy in worrying
A poor, defenceless, harmless buck,
The horse and rider wet as muck,
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Enter'd, through curiosity, a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkl'd, blear-ey'd, good old granny,
In this same cot illum'd by many a cranny,
Had finish'd apple dumplings for her pot :
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay, 20
When lo ! the Monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke, " What's this ? what's this ?
what ? what ? "

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand—
And oft did Majesty the dumpling grapple :
" 'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard indeed," he cried :

POEMS FOR YOUTH

“What makes it, pray, so hard?”—The Dame
replied,
Low curtsying, “Please Your Majesty, the apple.”

“Very astonishing indeed!—strange thing!”
Turning the dumpling round, rejoined the King.

“’Tis most extraordinary then, all this is—

“It beats Pinetti’s conjuring all to pieces—

“Strange I should never of a dumpling dream—

“But, Goody, tell me where, where, where’s the
seam?”

“Sir, there’s no seam (quoth she); I never knew

“That folks did apple dumplings *sew*.”— 10

“No! (cried the staring Monarch with a grin)

“How, how the devil got the apple in?”

JOHN WOLCOT

EPIGRAM

WHEN any sick to me apply,
I physics, bleeds and sweats ’em;
If after that they choose to die,
Why Verily!

I. LETTSOM

TOM BOWLING

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he’ll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach’d him to.

20

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful, below, he did his duty ;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair :
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft ! 10
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft. 20

CHARLES DIBDIN

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline slewed his quid,
And said to Billy Bowline :
“ A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill,
Hark ! don't ye hear it roar now !
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

“ Foolhardy chaps as live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in !
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I’ve a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean !

“ And as for them that’s out all day.
On business from their houses, 10
And late at night returning home,
To cheer their babes and spouses ;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes ! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying !

“ Both you and I have oft-times heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns from carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London. 20
We know what risks these landmen run,
From noblemen to tailors ;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors.”

CHARLES DIBDIN

ON A SCHOOLMASTER

HERE lie Willie Mickie’s banes ;
O Satan, when ye tak’ him,
Gie him the schoolin’ o’ your weans,
For clever deils he’ll mak’ em !

ROBERT BURNS

THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR

THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter ;
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition ;
We met a host, and quelled it ;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing, 10
We made a mighty sally
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us ;
We met them, and o'erthrew them :
They struggled hard to beat us ;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us :
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us. 20
He fled to his hall-pillars ;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in :
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

The eagles and the ravens
We gluttoned with our foemen ;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them :
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us ; 10
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

T. L. PEACOCK

THE HAND OF GLORY

ON the lone bleak moor, At the midnight hour,
Beneath the Gallows Tree,
Hand in hand The Murderers stand,
By one, by two, by three !
And the Moon that night With a grey, cold light
Each baleful object tips ;
One half of her form Is seen through the storm,
The other half's hid in Eclipse ! 20
And the cold Wind howls, And the Thunder
growls,
And the Lightning is broad and bright ;
And altogether It's very bad weather,
And an unpleasant sort of a night !

“ Now mount who list, And close by the wrist,
Sever me quickly the Dead Man's fist !
Now climb who dare Where he swings in air,
And pluck me five locks of the Dead Man's hair ! ”

THE HAND OF GLORY

There's an old woman dwells upon Tappington Moor,
She hath years on her back at the least fourscore,
And some people fancy a great many more ;

Her nose it is hook'd, Her back it is crook'd,
Her eyes blear and red : On the top of her head
Is a mutch, and on that A shocking bad hat,
Extinguisher-shaped, the brim narrow and flat !
Then,—My Gracious !—her beard !—it would sadly
perplex

A spectator at first to distinguish her sex.

And now before That old Woman's door, 10
Where nought that's good may be,
Hand in hand The Murderers stand,
By one, by two, by three !
Oh ! 'tis a horrible sight to view,
In that horrible hovel, that horrible crew,
By the pale blue glare of that flickering flame,
Doing the deed that hath never a name !

'Tis awful to hear Those words of fear ! 18
The prayer mutter'd backwards, and said with a sneer!
(Matthew Hopkins himself has assured us that when
A witch says her prayers, she begins with " Amen ")—
—'Tis awful to see On that old Woman's knee
The dead, shrivell'd hand, as she clasps it with glee !—
And now with care, The five locks of hair
From the skull of the Gentleman dangling up there,
With the grease and the fat Of a black Tom Cat
She hastens to mix, And to twist into wicks,
And one on the thumb and each finger to fix.

" Now open lock To the Dead Man's knock !
Fly bolt, and bar, and band !— 30
Nor move, nor swerve, Joint, muscle, or nerve,
At the spell of the Dead Man's hand !
Sleep all who sleep !—Wake all who wake !—
But be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake ! "

POEMS FOR YOUTH

All is silent ! all is still,
Save the ceaseless moan of the bubbling rill
As it wells from the bosom of Tappington Hill,
And in Tappington Hall Great and Small,
Gentle and Simple, Squire and Groom,
Each one hath sought his separate room,
And sleep her dark mantle hath o'er them cast,
For the midnight hour hath long been past !
All is darksome in earth and sky,
Save from yon casement, narrow and high, 10
A quivering beam On the tiny stream
Plays, like some taper's fitful gleam
By one that is watching wearily.

Within that casement, narrow and high,
In his secret lair, where none may spy,
Sits one whose brow is wrinkled with care,
And the thin grey locks of his failing hair
Have left his little bald pate all bare ;
For his full-bottom'd wig Hangs, bushy and big,
On the top of his old-fashion'd, high-back'd chair. 20
Unbraced are his clothes, Ungarter'd his hose,
His gown is bedizen'd with tulip and rose,
Flowers of remarkable size and hue,
Flowers such as Eden never knew ;
—And there by many a sparkling heap
Of the good red gold, The tale is told
What powerful spell avails to keep
That careworn man from his needful sleep !

Haply, he deems no eye can see
As he gloats on his treasure greedily,— 30
The shining store Of glittering ore,
The fair rose-noble, the bright moidore,
And the broad Double-Joe from ayont the sea,—
But there's one that watches as well as he ;

THE HAND OF GLORY

For, wakeful and sly, In a closet hard by,
On his truckle bed lieth a little Foot-page,
A boy who's uncommonly sharp of his age,
Like young Master Horner, Who erst in a corner
Sat eating a Christmas pie :
And, while that Old Gentleman's counting his hoards,
Little Hugh peeps through a crack in the boards !

There's a voice in the air, There's a step on the
stair,
The old man starts in his cane-back'd chair ;
At the first faint sound He gazes around, 10
And holds up his dip of sixteen to the pound.
Then half arose From beside his toes
His little pug-dog with his little pug nose,
But, ere he can vent one inquisitive sniff,
That little pug-dog stands stark and stiff,
For low, yet clear, Now fall on the ear
—Where once pronounced for ever they dwell—
The unholy words of the Dead Man's spell !

“ Open lock To the Dead Man's knock !
Fly bolt, and bar, and band !— 20
Nor move, nor swerve, Joint, muscle, or nerve,
At the spell of the Dead Man's hand !
Sleep all who sleep !—Wake all who wake !—
But be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake ! ”

Now lock, nor bolt, nor bar avails,
Nor stout oak panel thick-studded with nails.
Heavy and harsh the hinges creak,
Though they had been oil'd in the course of the week ;
The door opens wide as wide may be
And there they stand, That murderous band 30
Lit by the light of that GLORIOUS HAND,
By one !—by two !—by three !

POEMS FOR YOUTH

They have pass'd through the porch, they have
pass'd through the hall,
Where the Porter sat snoring against the wall ;
The very snore froze In his very snub nose,
You'd have verily deem'd he had snored his last
When the GLORIOUS HAND by the side of him pass'd !
E'en the little wee mouse, as it ran o'er the mat,
At the top of its speed to escape from the cat,
Though half dead with affright, Paused in its
flight ;
And the cat that was chasing that little wee thing
Lay couch'd as a statue in act to spring ! 10
And now they are there, On the head of the
stair,
And the long crooked whittle is gleaming and bare !
—I really don't think any money would bribe
Me the horrible scene that ensued to describe,
Or the wild, wild glare of that old man's eye,
His dumb despair, and deep agony.

But fancy poor Hugh, Aghast at the view,
Powerless alike to speak or to do !
In vain doth he try To open the eye
That is shut, or close that which is clapt to the
chink, 20
Though he'd give all the world to be able to wink !—
No !—for all that this world can give or refuse,
I would not be now in that little boy's shoes,
Or indeed any garment at all that is Hugh's !
—'Tis lucky for him that the chink in the wall
He has peep'd through so long is so narrow and small!

'Tis early dawn—the morn is grey,
And the clouds and the tempest have pass'd away,
And all things betoken a very fine day ;
But, while the lark her carol is singing, 30
Shrieks and screams are through Tappington ringing!

THE HAND OF GLORY

Upstarting all, Great and small,
Each one who's found within Tappington Hall,
Gentle and Simple, Squire or Groom,
All seek at once that old Gentleman's room ;

And there, on the floor, Drench'd in its gore
A ghastly corpse lies exposed to the view,
Carotid and jugular both cut through !

And there, by its side, 'Mid the crimson tide
Kneels a little Foot-page of tenderest years ;
Adown his pale cheek the fast-falling tears 10
Are coursing each other round and big,
And he's staunching the blood with a full-bottom'd
wig,

Alas ! and alack for his staunching !—'tis plain,
As anatomists tell us, that never again
Shall life revisit the foully slain,
When once they've been cut through the jugular vein.

There's a hue and a cry through the county of Kent,
And in chase of the cut-throats a Constable's sent,
But no one can tell the man which way they went :
There's a little Foot-page with that Constable goes,
And a little pug-dog with a little pug nose. 21

In Rochester town, At the sign of the Crown,
Three shabby-genteel men are just sitting down
To a fat stubble-geese, with potatoes done brown ;

When a little Foot-page Rushes in, in a rage.
Upsetting the apple-sauce, onions, and sage,
That little Foot-page takes the first by the throat,
And a little pug-dog takes the next by the coat,
And the Constable seizes the one more remote ;
And fair rose-nobles and broad moidores, 30
The Waiter pulls out of their pockets by scores,
And the Boots and the Chambermaids run in and
stare ;

And the Constable says with a dignified air,

POEMS FOR YOUTH

“ You’re *wanted*, Gen’lemen, one and all,
For that ’ere precious lark at Tappington Hall ! ”

There’s a black gibbet frowns upon Tappington Moor,
Where a former black gibbet has frowned before ;
It is as black as black may be,
And murderers there Are dangling in air,
By one !—by two !—by three !

There’s a horrid old hag in a steeple-crown’d hat,
Round her neck they have tied to a hempen cravat
A dead Man’s hand, and a dead Tom Cat ! 10
They have tied up her thumbs, they have tied up
her toes,
They have tied up her eyes, they have tied up her
limbs :

Into Tappington mill-dam souse she goes,
With a whoop and a halloo !—“ She swims !—She
swims ! ”

They have dragged her to land, And every
one’s hand

Is grasping a faggot, a billet, or brand,
When a queer-looking horseman, drest all in black,
Snatches up that old harridan just like a sack
To the crupper behind him, puts spurs to his hack,
Makes a dash through the crowd, and is off in a crack.

No one can tell, Though they guess pretty well,
Which way that grim rider and old woman go, 22
For all see he’s a sort of infernal Ducrow :

And she scream’d so, and cried, We may fairly
decide
That the old woman did not much relish her ride !

MORAL

This truest of stories confirms beyond doubt
That truest of adages—“ Murder will out ! ”

THE MILKMAID

In vain may the blood-spiller “double” and fly,
In vain even witchcraft and sorcery try :
Although for a time he may ’scape, by-and-by
He’ll be sure to be caught by a Hugh and a Cry !

R. H. BARHAM

THE MILKMAID

A MILKMAID, who poised a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said :
“ Let me see—I should think that this milk will
procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

“ Well then—stop a bit,—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be
rotten ; 10
But if twenty for accident should be detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

“ Well, sixty sound eggs,—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die,—we’ll suppose seventeen,
Seventeen, not so many,—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chicks to boil or to roast.

‘ But then there’s their barley : how much will they
need ?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they
feed,—
So that’s a mere trifle ; now then, let us see, 19
At a fair market price how much money there’ll be.

“ Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix ;
Now what will that make ? fifty chickens I said,—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—*I’ll ask Brother Ned.*

POEMS FOR YOUTH

“ O but stop,—three-and-sixpence a *pair* I must
sell 'em ;

Well, a pair is a couple,—now then, let us tell 'em ;

A couple in fifty will go (my poor brain !)

Why, just a score times, and five pair will remain.

“ Twenty-five pairs of fowls,—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up so much money as this !

Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess,—

I'll say twenty pounds, *and it can't be no less.*

“ Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys,—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year, 11
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear.”

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head ;
When, alas for her prospects ! her milk-pail de-
scended,

And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—

“ Reckon not on your chickens before they are
hatched.”

JEFFERYS TAYLOR

THE NAUGHTY BOY

THERE was a naughty boy,
And a naughty boy was he,
He ran away to Scotland,
The people there to see—

20

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS,

Then he found
That the ground
Was as hard,
That a yard
Was as long,
That a song
Was as merry,
That a cherry
Was as red,
That lead 10
Was as weighty,
That fourscore
Was as eighty,
That a door
Was as wooden
As in England—
So he stood in his shoes
And he wondered,
He wondered,
He stood in his shoes 20
And he wondered.

JOHN KEATS

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

I WROTE some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die ;
Albeit, in the general way
A sober man am I.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

I called my servant, and he came :
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb !

“ These to the printer,” I exclaimed,
And in my humorous way
I added (as a trifling jest),
“ There’ll be the devil to pay.”

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within ;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin. 10

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear ;
He read the third ; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth ; he broke into a roar ;
The fifth ; his waistband split ;
The sixth ; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit. 20

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE BROKEN PITCHER

It was a Moorish maiden was sitting by a well,
And what the maiden thought of, I cannot, cannot
tell,

THE BROKEN PITCHER

When by there rode a valiant knight from the town
of Oviedo—

Alphonzo Guzman was he hight, the Count of
Tolledo.

“ Oh, maiden, Moorish maiden, why sit'st thou by
the spring ?

Say, dost thou seek a lover, or any other thing ?

Why dost thou look upon me, with eyes so dark and
wide,

And wherefore doth the pitcher lie broken by thy
side ? ”

“ I do not seek a lover, thou Christian knight so gay,
Because an article like that hath never come my way ;
And why I gaze upon you, I cannot, cannot tell,
Except that in your iron hose you look uncommon
swell. 10

“ My pitcher it is broken, and this the reason is,—
A shepherd came behind me, and tried to snatch a
kiss ;

I would not stand his nonsense, so ne'er a word I
spoke,

But scored him on the costard, and so the jug was
broke.

“ My uncle, the Alcaydè, he waits for me at home,
And will not take his tumbler until Zorayda come :
I cannot bring him water—the pitcher is in pieces—
And so I'm sure to catch it, 'cos he wallops all his
nieces.”

“ Oh, maiden, Moorish maiden ! wilt thou be ruled
by me ?

Then wipe thine eyes and rosy lips, and give me
kisses three ; 20

POEMS FOR YOUTH

And I'll give thee my helmet, thou kind and courteous lady,

To carry home the water to thy uncle, the Alcaydè."

He lighted down from off his steed—he tied him to a tree—

He bent him to the maiden, and he took his kisses three ;

" To wrong thee, sweet Zorayda, I swear would be a sin ! "

And he knelt him at the fountain, and he dipped his helmet in.

Up rose the Moorish maiden—behind the knight she steals,

And caught Alphonzo Guzman in a twinkling by the heels :

She tipped him in, and held him down beneath the bubbling water,—

" Now, take thou that for venturing to kiss Al Hamet's daughter ! "

A Christian maid is weeping in the town of Oviedo ;
She waits the coming of her love, the Count of Toledo.

I pray you all in charity, that you will never tell,
How he met the Moorish maiden beside the lonely well.

W. E. AYTOUN

THE BEE AND THE LILY

" Buzz ! " went the Bee, with a merry din.

" Who's there ? " cried the Lily, her cup within.

" Your gossip, the Bee, with a tale so funny,

To hum in your ear while you brew your honey ;

IN THE COACH

But you must not repeat it, for love or money !
Buzz ! ” went the rogue with a merry din,
As the Lily opened and let him in.

“ Why, Lily, I vow it’s a palace quite,
This kitchen of yours, so warm and white,
And such fine honey !—Now, might I venture
To sniff for a moment, to . . . taste, to sip
A morsel, merely to moisten my lip,
Without incurring thereby your censure ? ”

“ Oh,” said the Lily, “ pray eat your fill.” 10
So the Bee set to work with a right good will ;
He fluttered and buzzed, he tried and tasted ;
Nothing was missed and nothing wasted ;
He ate and he ate—it was really funny
To see him swallow such heaps of honey.

He swallowed it *all* ; and, when cups and platters,
And saucers and jars, and other matters,
Were emptied at last, and not a drop
Remained,—“ Well, now,” said the Lily, “ stop,
And be sober and steady, my gossip dear, 20
While you whisper, cosily, in my ear,
That tale you promised so rare and new.”
“ Buzz ! ” said the Bee, and away he flew.

THOMAS WESTWOOD

IN THE COACH

NOAH’S ARK

(*On the road*)

“ Good gracious ! what in the world is this ? ”—“ A
lil cauf, ma’am.”

“ Why, you don’t mean to say . . . ? ”—“ I’ll take
it by the scruff, ma’am ;

POEMS FOR YOUTH

We'll just lave it at the door.
It's belongin' to Mr. Moore."
"And to think the abominable brute
Was sucking at my boot !
Mr. Crow ! Mr. Crow !
I'd have you to know . . ."
"Jus' a lil cauf, ma'am,
Jus' a lil cauf."

(Arrival at Ramsey)

"Mercy on us ! what next ?"—"A lil dunkey,
ma'am."
"A little what ? Good heavens !"—"Aw, ye
needn' be funky, ma'am ; 10
I'll get him out as qui't . . .
Good people, bring a light !"
"But a solitary female in the dark . . .
With half the beasts in Noah's ark.
Mr. Crow ! Mr. Crow !
I'd have you to know . . ."
"Jus' a lil dunkey, ma'am,
Jus' a lil dunkey."

T. E. BROWN

SHELTER

By the wide lake's margin I mark'd her lie—
The wide, weird lake where the alders sigh— 20
A fair young thing, with a shy, soft eye ;
And I deem'd that her thoughts had flown
To her home, and her brethren and sisters dear,
As she lay there watching the dark, deep mere,
All motionless, all alone.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

Then I heard a noise, as of men and boys,
And a boisterous troop drew nigh.
Whither now will retreat those fairy feet ?
Where hide till the storm pass by ?
One glance—the wild glance of a hunted thing—
She cast behind her ; she gave one spring ;
And there follow'd a splash, and a broadening ring
On the lake where the alders sigh.

She had gone from the ken of ungentle men !
Yet scarce did I mourn for that ; 10
For I knew she was safe in her own home then,
And, the danger past, would appear again,
For she was a water-rat.

C. S. CALVERLEY

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might :
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily, 20
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
“ It's very rude of him,” she said,
“ To come and spoil the fun.”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

You could not see a cloud, because
No clouds were in the sky :
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand ;
“ If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “ it *would* be grand.”

10

“ If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“ That they could get it clear ? ”
“ I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“ O Oysters, come and walk with us ! ”
The Walrus did beseech.
“ A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach :
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

20

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said :
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat :
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,

30

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four ;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the sandy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter 10
Walked out a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low.
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

“ The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“ To talk of many things :
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot— 20
And whether pigs have wings.”

“ But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,
“ Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat ! ”
“ No hurry ! ” said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that

“ A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,
“ Is what we chiefly need :
Pepper and vinegar, besides, 30
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.”

POEMS FOR YOUTH

“ But not on us ! ” the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
“ After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do ! ”
“ The night is fine,” the Walrus said,
“ Do you admire the view ? ”

“ It was so kind of you to come !
And you are very nice ! ”
The Carpenter said nothing but
“ Cut us another slice : 10
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I’ve had to ask you twice.”

“ It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,
“ To play them such a trick,
After we’ve brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick ! ”
The Carpenter said nothing but
“ The butter’s spread too thick.”

“ I weep for you,” the Walrus said :
“ I deeply sympathize.” 20
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

“ O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,
“ You’ve had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ? ”
But answer there was none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They’d eaten every one. 30

LEWIS CARROLL

THE PLAINT OF THE CAMEL

THE PLAINT OF THE CAMEL

CANARY-BIRDS feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch ;
And as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chicken and cream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About MY digestion,
ANYTHING does for me.

Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails ;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable, 10
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor Camel dozes.
ANY PLACE does for me.

Lambs are enclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens ;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a Camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy, 20
ANYWHERE does for me.

People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox ;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a Camel, he's
Ridden by families—
ANY LOAD does for me.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground ;
Weasels are wavy and sleek ;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a camel's all lumpy,
And bumpy, and humpy,
ANY SHAPE does for me.

CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL

NOTES TO THE POEMS

The Battle of Otterburn.

In 1388 the Earl of Douglas, with about five thousand men, invaded Northumberland. Near Newcastle he met the English forces under Percy. Douglas secured his opponent's lance and boasted that he would carry it back with him to Scotland, challenging Percy to regain it.

The Scots, on their way back, encamped at Otterburn, about thirty miles north-west of Newcastle. There they were surprised by Percy, who had meanwhile been reinforced. Douglas was slain, but the English, though superior in numbers, were defeated, Percy and many of his men being carried prisoners to Scotland.

Otterburn : in the parish of Elsdon, in Northumberland.

The Scots were encamped in a grassy plain near the river Read. The place where the Scots and English fought is still called Battle Riggs.

P. 3, l. 1. *Lammas tide* : Lammas-day, August 1st.

l. 2. *Muir* : moor.

Win : to make, dry.

l. 10. *Bambrough* : a castle and a village, formerly a royal borough, on the Northumberland coast, about sixteen miles south of Berwick.

l. 11. *Fells* : hills.

l. 18. *Hie* : high, proudly.

l. 24. *The tane* : one.

P. 4, l. 2. *Free* : precious.

l. 11. *Fell* : skin.

l. 16. *Fause* : false.

Ca' : call.

l. 17. *Bonnie* : beautiful.

Burn : stream.

l. 23. *Kale* : cabbage.

l. 24. *Fend* : provide for, feed.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

- P. 5, l. 4. *Bent* : the brown withered stems of coarse grass
on a heath ; open grassland.
- l. 6. *Pallion* : tent, "pavilion."
- l. 10. *Am* : own.
- l. 17. *Yestreen* : yester-even, last night.
- l. 18. *Dight* : provide for, furnish.
- l. 20. *Sky* : Skye, in the Inner Hebrides.
- l. 23. *Braid sword* : broadsword, a sword with a broad
blade.
- l. 28. *Wat* : wot, know.
. *Fain* : glad, eager.
- l. 29. *Swakked* : smote, clashed.
Swat : sweated.
- P. 6, l. 10. *Recks* : matters.
- l. 16. *Lee* : field.
- l. 18. *Briar* : wild rose.
- l. 19. *Ken* : know.
- l. 26. *Flinders* : splinters.
- l. 30. *Hose* : stockings.
Shoon : shoes.
- P. 7, l. 5. *Swappèd* : struck violently ; or, exchanged blows.
- l. 11. *Loun* : loon, one of low birth.

The Bonnie Earl of Murray.

In December 1591 the Earl of Bothwell, after an unsuccessful attempt to seize James VI, retired towards the north of Scotland. James ordered the Earl of Huntley to pursue him with fire and sword. Huntley used this order as an excuse to avenge a private quarrel with the Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. On the night of February 7, 1592, he attacked Murray's house, burned it to the ground, and slew Murray.

James is said to have privately encouraged Bothwell, out of jealousy that the Queen had praised Murray. He took no steps to punish the murderers.

- P. 8, l. 9. *Braw* : handsome.
- l. 10. *Rid at the ring* : riding at the ring was an old form of sport or exercise in which a horseman charged past under a small suspended ring and tried to carry it off with his lance.
- l. 14. *The ba'* : football.
- l. 18. *The gluve* : boxing.
- l. 20. *The Queen* : Anne of Denmark, queen of James VI.
- l. 22. *Castle Downe* : probably Murray's castle of Donnibristle, near Aberdour, on the coast of Fifeshire.

NOTES

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

- P. 9, l. 8. *Rode post* : to ride or drive with relays of horses that were kept at certain "posts" or stations : to ride fast.
- l. 19. *Dere* : harm.
- l. 20. *Gear* : possessions, property, wealth.
- l. 25. *Stead* : place.
- P. 10, l. 17. *Doctor* : one who has received from a university the highest degree ; a learned man.
- P. 11, l. 6. *Wit* : wisdom.
- l. 15. *Crozier* : the staff or crook carried by a bishop or abbot.
- Mitre* : a head-dress worn by bishops.
- Rochet* : a close-fitting linen vestment worn by bishops.
- Cope* : hood ; a vestment worn over the surplice, without sleeves and with a hood.
- l. 25. *Thirty pence* : thirty pieces of silver, for which Judas betrayed his Master. Cf. St. Matthew xxvi. 15.
- l. 29. *St. Bittel* : probably St. Botolph.
- P. 12, l. 19. *Nobles* : gold coins worth 6s. 8d.

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

Islington : in Norfolk, four miles south-west of Lynn.

- P. 13, l. 6. *Countenance* : favour.
- l. 8. *Fond* : foolish.
- l. 11. *Seven . . . years* : the usual term of apprenticeship.
- P. 14, l. 1. *Sweet-heart* : my dear. The word is used in a general sense.

The Wraggle Taggle Gipsies.

Wraggle Taggle : rag-tag, disorderly, low-class.

- P. 17, l. 22. *Bravely* : beautifully.

Saddle to Rags.

- P. 18, l. 26. *Ganging* : going about.
- P. 19, l. 6. *Ghyll* : small ravine.
- P. 20, l. 3. *Portmantle* : portmanteau, travelling bag.

John Gulpin.

William Cowper (1731-1800), the son of a clergyman of Great Berkhamstead, was educated at Westminster School, and articulated to the law. His serious, melancholy temper which turned at times into madness appears in "The Castaway" and "On the Receipt

POEMS FOR YOUTH

of my Mother's Picture." Occasionally he turned for relief to lighter humorous themes, as in "John Gilpin." His quiet years of retirement are mirrored in poems on his various pets, "Epitaph on a Hare," "The Retired Cat," and in his chief poem, "The Task." In order to divert his mind from melancholy he undertook a blank verse translation of Homer. His "Letters" are notable.

P. 20, l. 9. *Train-band* : a band of citizens trained to bear arms.

Eke : also.

l. 11. *Spouse* : wife.

l. 17. *The Bell* : an inn at Edmonton.

Edmonton : a town in Middlesex just outside London.

l. 18. *Chaise* : a light open carriage.

l. 26. *Cheapside* : in the middle of London.

P. 21, l. 5. *Saddle tree* : the frame of a saddle.

l. 17. *Good lack !* : alas !

l. 20. *Exercise* : i.e. with the train-band.

P. 22, l. 14. *Curb* : the chain or strap attached to the bit of a bridle.

l. 19. *Sort* : way.

l. 23. *Neck or nought* : desperately, risking everything.

l. 26. *Running such a rig* : playing such a trick.

P. 23, l. 11. *Turnpike* : a gate set across a road at a toll-house.

l. 20. *As* : as if.

Baste : to drop fat or butter over meat while roasting ; to roast.

l. 21. *Islington* : now a district in London, but at that time a village outside the city.

P. 24, l. 10. *Ware* : a market-town in Hertfordshire. See map on p. 164.

l. 13. *Calender* : one who finishes the surface of paper, cloth, etc.

P. 25, l. 2. *In merry pin* : in a merry humour or mood.

l. 8. *In its kind* : in its own way.

l. 16. *Case* : condition.

l. 25. *Bootless* : of no use, to no purpose.

P. 26, l. 8. *Posting* : riding fast.

P. 27, l. 15. *Abroad* : out, from home.

Jock of Hazeldean.

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832). Born at Edinburgh and educated at the High School and Edinburgh Uni-

NOTES

versity, Scott was trained to the law, and called to the Bar. From several years' residence in the Border district in his childhood, and from later visits, he amassed an enormous collection of ballad material, much of which he collected in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" (1802). The interest thus fostered in feudal history found expression in a number of vigorous narrative poems, such as "The Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion." When Byron began to write the same type of poems, better, as Scott imagined, than himself, Scott turned to the novel, beginning with "Waverley" (1814), published anonymously. In 1826 Scott became involved in his publishers' bankruptcy, but, by his writing, had succeeded in clearing off a great part of the debt when he died at his country house at Abbotsford.

Scott is at his best in short poems, where his diffuseness is restrained by limit of form.

This poem was suggested to Scott by an old ballad, which includes the stanza :—

"Why weep ye by the tide, lady ?
 Why weep ye by the tide ?
 How blithe and happy might he be,
 Gets you to be his bride !
 Gets you to be his bride, fair maid,
 And him I'll not bemean ;
 But now I'll say the words again :
 Whom call ye Hazelgreen ? "

P. 27, l. 20. *Sall* : shall.

l. 22. *Sae* : so.

l. 23. *Loot* : let.

Fa' : fall.

l. 27. *Errington* : in Northumberland.

l. 28. *Langley-dale* : near Barnard Castle, in the county of Durham.

P. 28, l. 6. *Braid* : a band of silk, gold, or silver, for binding dress or the hair.

l. 7. *Mettled* : spirited.

Managed : trained.

l. 8. *Palfrey* : a saddle-horse.

l. 9. *A'* : all.

l. 13. *Kirk* : church.

Tide : time.

l. 16. *Dame* : lady of noble birth.

l. 17. *Baith* : both.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

By bower and ha' : in the ladies' apartments, and in the public parts of the house : everywhere.

1. 19. *The Border* : i.e. between Scotland and England.

Awa' : away.

1. 20. *Wi'* : with.

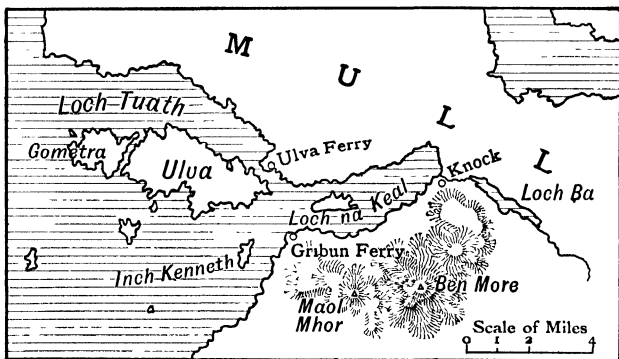
Lord Ullin's Daughter.

Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) was born in Glasgow and educated there and in Edinburgh. After travelling on the Continent, he settled in London and took up literary work. His long poems, "The Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming" and "Theodric," have lost their popularity, which his shorter poems, by their energy and occasional felicity of phrase and rhythm, have retained.

The graves of the lovers, covered over by oblong slabs of stone, may still be seen where the bodies were washed ashore.

Lord Ullin : Laird (land-owner) Allan MacLean, proprietor of Knock, at the head of the Loch.

- P. 28, l. 25. *Lochgyle* : Loch-na-Keal, on the west coast of Mull. The lovers had chosen the hills and Gribun Ferry rather than the narrow and safe crossing at Ulva Ferry, where they would have been overtaken.



MAP OF ULVA

1. 27. *Ulva* : a small island off the west coast of Mull ; opposite the mouth of Loch-na-Keal.

- P. 29, l. 7. *Bonny* : beautiful.

NOTES

1. 9. *Wight* : man.
1. 12. *Winsome* : lovely.
1. 18. *Water-wraith* : a spirit supposed to be seen just before a person's death.

The Fairies' Passage.

James Clarence Mangan (1803-1849), clerk and librarian, destroyed by his irregular life the promise of becoming the greatest of Irish poets. His verse is felicitous both in music and rhythm and in expression ; and the passionate lyrical melancholy of " Dark Rosa-leen " has seldom been surpassed.

- P. 30, l. 19. *Gaffer* : literally " godfather " ; old man.
 P. 31, l. 3. *Wee* : small.
 l. 5. *Lee* : in the south of Ireland.
 l. 17. *Gholes* : or *ghouls* : evil spirits supposed to prey on the dead ; here used as a term of abuse.
 P. 32, l. 15. *Pitcherling* : small pitcher.
 l. 18. *Tiller-rope* : the rope joining the tiller, or handle for turning the rudder, with the steering-wheel.
 l. 22. *Commodities* : possessions, luggage.
 l. 29. *Doldrum* : the calms about the Equator : here, low spirits : a mood of despair and surprise.

The Pipes at Lucknow.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) was an American poet, whose interests, as a Quaker and a secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, had a strong moral and political bent. His poetical work—" Legends of New England," " Songs of Labour," " National Lyrics," and " Ballads of New England "—shows the enthusiasm of the social reformer—an enthusiasm, however, that often fails of its effect owing to lack of restraint.

Lucknow : the capital of the province of Oudh, in North India. On the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny in 1857, the garrison of Lucknow were besieged in the Residency. Sir Henry Havelock, sent to the assistance of the English with a small force, relieved Cawnpore, but was driven back from Lucknow to await reinforcements under Sir Charles Outram. The combined forces broke into the town, but could not get out again until relieved by Sir Colin Campbell.

- P. 33, l. 10. *Brae* : hill-slope.
 l. 12. *Bower* : room.

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- l. 18. *Pibroch* : bagpipe music, usually warlike.
- l. 19. *Loch* : lake.
- l. 24. *The jungle-serpent* : the besieging Indian army.
- P. 34, l. 7. *Donna ye* : don't you.
- l. 12. *Sepoy* : a native soldier in the British army in India.
- l. 18. *Seer* : one who sees into the future, a prophet.
- l. 22. *The Campbell's call* : the song, "The Campbells are coming."
- l. 23. *MacGregor's* : "MacGregor's Gathering." An English version of the words will be found in the poems of Sir Walter Scott.
- l. 27. *Goomtee* : or *Gumti* : a tributary of the Ganges. Lucknow is built on its right bank.
- P. 35, l. 10. *Moslem* : Mohammedan.
- Mosque* : a Mohammedan temple or place of worship.
- l. 12. *Auld Lang Syne* : ("old long since") : a song written by Robert Burns.
- l. 15. *Turban* : an Eastern head-dress, consisting of a cap with a sash wound round it.
- l. 21. *Gaelic* : Highland.

Lady Clare.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) was the son of a clergyman and born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire. At Trinity College, Cambridge, he made the acquaintance of Arthur Henry Hallam, on whose death he wrote "In Memoriam." His early work, "Poems, chiefly Lyrical" (1830), shows him already a master of sound and rhythm, in the tradition of Spenser and Keats. In his later volumes, this power was increased and combined with a growing vein of serious thought on the social and religious questions of the day. "The Princess" (1847) dealt with the position and education of women, and "In Memoriam" (1850) with religious problems. Tennyson's poetry at its finest approaches the poetry of Virgil in perfection of language and emotional effect, and his acute powers of observation are reflected in the accuracy of his descriptions and character-studies. Tennyson is perhaps at his best in his lyrics, such as those in "The Princess," and in dramatic monologues, like "Ulysses," or poems like the ode "To Virgil" or "The Lotos-Eaters," where an atmosphere has to be created. His limitations—a straining, at times over-conscious, after effective expression, a vein of sentimentality, and a limited power

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of purely original thought—explain the decline which he has suffered from his first enthusiastic popularity.

P. 35, l. 25. *Blow* : bloom.

l. 27. *Doe* : the female of the fallow-deer.

P. 36, l. 1. *Trow* : trust, believe.

P. 37, l. 12. *Cleave* : cling.

l. 23. *Russet* : of coarse homespun cloth, usually reddish-brown in colour.

Pocahontas.

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863) is best known as a novelist, the author of “Vanity Fair” (1847–1848), “Pendennis” (1848–1850), and “Henry Esmond” (1852). His minute acquaintance with the history and literature of the eighteenth century, employed to good purpose in “Henry Esmond,” produced his lectures on “The English Humourists” (1851) and “The Four Georges” (1885). It accounts also, in part, for the satirical bent of his work ; but Thackeray has also a vein of sympathy, sometimes degenerating into the sentimental, that prevents his satire from becoming cynical, as it is often considered.

Pocahontas : the daughter of Powhatan, chief of a group of Algonkin Indian tribes of the same name in Virginia and southern Maryland. While Captain John Smith was founding there the first permanent English settlement on the mainland of America—Jamestown—he was once captured by these tribes. “At his entrance as many as could laid hands on him, and being ready with their clubs to beat out his brains, Pocahontas, the King’s dearest daughter, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death.” She afterwards married John Rolfe. The story is re-told in David Garnett’s “Pocahontas.”

P. 39, l. 5. *Pyre* : a pile of wood, on which a body is burned.

l. 11. *Mien* : look, expression.

l. 25. *Powhattan* : see note on “Pocahontas,” above.

l. 27. *Sires* : ancestors.

How they brought the Good News.

Robert Browning (1812–1889) began his poetic career with “Pauline” (1833), written under the influence of Shelley. “Paracelsus” (1835) followed. His work gradually became more dramatic in intention, with “Strafford” and other dramas, “Dramatic Lyrics”

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(1842), "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics" (1845) and "Men and Women" (1855). "The Ring and the Book," his longest poem (1868-1869), is perhaps his masterpiece. The main event of an otherwise uneventful life was his elopement in 1846, with Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess, to whom he was devotedly attached until her death, which took place in Florence. Most of his later themes are drawn from Italian sources. Browning's poetry excels in fertility of ideas, in grasp of psychological subtleties, in power of delineating queer abnormal characters, and in dramatic quality, but suffers from obscurity and irregularity of syntax, and lack of poetic—though never of mental—quality.

The route described in this poem follows the valleys of the Scheldt and one of its tributaries directly across Belgium.

P. 40, l. 3. *Watch* : watchman.

l. 5. *Postern* : back gate.

l. 9. *Girths* : the band that secures the saddle.

l. 10. *Pique* : or *peak* : pommel, or point at the front of the saddle.

l. 11. *Cheek-strap* : the strap fastened to the ring at each end of the bit.

l. 24. *Bluff* : steep.

P. 41, l. 4. *Spume* : foam.

Ay and anon : now and then.

l. 18. *Roan* : a horse, of mixed colour with a decided shade of red.

l. 19. *Croup* : the rump of a horse.

l. 24. *Buffcoat* : a strong military coat of leather.

Holster : a leather pistol-case carried in front of the saddle.

l. 25. *Jack-boots* : large boots formerly worn by cavalry. They reached above the knee, and were plated with iron.

l. 27. *Peer* : equal.

P. 42, l. 7. *Burgess* : citizen.

Good King Wenceslas.

John Mason Neale (1818-1866), a Cambridge tutor and divine, was interested mainly in Church history and government, and published a number of works on these subjects. At the other extreme, he also wrote tales and poems for the young.

P. 42, l. 10. *Stephen* : the first Christian martyr, whose

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martyrdom is commemorated in the Latin Church on December 26th, and in the Greek on December 27th. Cf. Acts vii. 54-60.

- l. 24. *Saint Agnes* : a Christian martyr of the fourth century.

P. 43, l. 18. *Dinted* : pressed down and marked.

Earl Haldan's Daughter.

Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), Rector of Eversley, was keenly interested in social reform, and in his early novels, "Alton Locke" and "Yeast," he advocates a type of Christian socialism. His best novels, "Westward Ho !" and "Hereward the Wake," deal with historical adventure and the sea, in which as a Devonshire man he naturally delighted. His best poetic work is found in a few short lyrics like "The Sands of Dee" ; while of his prose work "The Heroes"—a group of Greek legends—and "The Water Babies" are still popular with the young.

P. 44, l. 2. *Marriage fee* : dowry.

- l. 3. *Bonny* : beautiful.

- l. 10. *Beaten gold* : gold made smooth by beating.

- l. 18. *Tale* : number.

The Cavalier's Escape.

George Walter Thornbury (1828-1876) was a writer of articles, novels, and poems. He is at his best in a few poems of action such as this.

Cavalier : a supporter of the King in the Civil War with Parliament (1642-1646). The word, as here, usually applies to those of noble birth.

P. 44, l. 29. *Roan* : a horse, of mixed colour with a decided shade of red.

P. 45, l. 2. *Chestnut* : a reddish-brown horse.

- l. 6. *Mettled* : spirited.

- l. 7. *Blood* : good pedigree : descent.

- l. 14. *Tail* : drop farther behind.

- l. 15. *Down* : undulating pasture-land.

- l. 20. *Bone* : size and strength : large bones.

- l. 25. *Royal hart* : the male deer, over six years, and having a head of twelve points or more.

- l. 27. *May* : hawthorn-blossom, which blooms in May.

P. 46, l. 3. *Match* : for firing the matchlock, a seventeenth century musket in which the powder had to be exploded from the outside.

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1. 6. *Canting* : hypocritical ; pretending to holiness, as did the Puritans, who supported Parliament against the King.

Heather Ale.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) was born and educated in Edinburgh. In 1875 he was called to the Bar, but never practised. He was forced to travel for his health, and finally settled in Samoa. His fame rests chiefly on "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "The Black Arrow," and other tales of adventure, told in a style carefully polished to a French clearness and precision.

In a note to "Heather Ale," Stevenson says : "It is needless to remind the reader that the Picts were never exterminated, and form to this day a large proportion of the folk of Scotland, occupying the eastern and the central parts, from the Firth of Forth, or perhaps the Lammermoors, upon the south, to the Ord of Caithness on the north. . . . Is it possible that . . . what the people proved themselves so ready to receive, about the Picts, was true or partly true of some anterior and perhaps Lappish savages, small of stature, black of hue, dwelling underground—possibly also the distillers of some forgotten spirit?"

The poem is a Galloway legend.

- P. 46, l. 8. *Long-syne* : long since.
1. 12. *Swoond* : swoon.
 1. 14. *Dwellings underground* : the weems, or underground tunnels in which the Picts lived.
 1. 16. *Fell* : cruel, deadly.
 1. 17. *Picts* : an ancient race formerly inhabiting eastern Scotland north of the Forth.
 1. 18. *Roes* : small deer.
 1. 19. *Red* : i.e. with heather.
- P. 47, l. 3. *Curlew* : a wading bird, commonly found on the Scottish moors.
1. 12. *Vermin* : Picts, regarded as vermin by the King.
- P. 48, l. 27. *Sapling* : a young tree : here, weak because not fully developed.

The Elf-King's Hunting.

Rudolph Chambers Lehmann (1856-1929) was on the staff of "Punch," for which most of his verse was written. He brought from Cambridge the scholarly but graceful and humorous strain which was most at

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home in dealing with University life and sport, and with children and animals.

P. 49, l. 4. *Brocade* : a silk material embroidered with figures.

l. 7. *Caracolled* : made half-turns ; wheeled.

l. 8. *Hunter* : a horse used in hunting.

l. 12. *Whips* : men who manage the hounds.

l. 17. *Feathered* : a hunting term for " put the hounds direct on the trail."

Drew . . . blank : found nothing.

P. 50, l. 4. *Quarry* : an animal to hunt.

l. 6. *Rout* : procession.

l. 10. *Tally-ho* : a huntsman's cry indicating that a fox has gone away.

l. 11. *Music* : the baying of the hounds.

l. 12. *Found* : discovered game.

Giving tongue : baying when on the scent or in sight of their quarry.

l. 17. *Chestnut* : a reddish-brown horse.

Girth : the belly-band of a saddle.

l. 20. *Gone to earth* : a phrase applied to foxes when they take refuge in their earths or holes.

The Dragon of Winter Hill.

P. 51, l. 18. *Buck* : a male deer.

P. 52, l. 11. *Bards* : poets.

l. 23. *Lust* : eagerness.

P. 53, l. 9. *Flankers* : those attacking to left and right.

l. 16. *Arduous* : difficult to climb and capture.

l. 31. *Tortoiseshell* : mottled red, yellow, and black.

P. 54, l. 1. *Diminutive* : small.

Gillespie.

Sir Henry Newbolt (*b.* 1862), educated at Clifton College and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, was called to the Bar in 1887 and became editor of "The Monthly Review." His poetry, which deals almost entirely with war by land and sea, is full of energy and catching rhythms. No poet has better expressed the spiritual ideals of the English public school.

P. 54, l. 20. *False Vellore* : Vellore is about seventy miles inland from Madras, and not far from Arcot. The Madras sepoys mutinied there in 1806. The mutiny was caused by a change in the head-dress of the sepoys, to whom it was suggested by agitators that they were to be forcibly christianised.

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- P. 55, l. 13. *Rowel* : the small sharp-pointed wheel in a spur.
 l. 20. *Sergeant's Guard* : a guard under the charge of a sergeant.
 l. 28. *Drew his bead* : took aim. The bead is the small metal knob that forms the front-sight of a gun.
 P. 56, l. 3. *Dressed* : drew up.
 l. 4. *Spate* : flood.
 l. 6. *Galloper guns* : light field-guns, formerly attached to regiments.

The Battle of Stamford Bridge.

Laurence Binyon (b. 1869), after being educated at St. Paul's School and Trinity College, Oxford, entered the British Museum, where he is now Deputy Keeper of Oriental Prints. He has written several books on art, and edited "The Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics." His poetry is careful and restrained in execution, yet with something of the rugged strength of Hardy.

- P. 56, l. 20. *The earls* : the Danes had already defeated Earl Morcar of Northumbria and his brother Edwin, Earl of Mercia.
 P. 57, l. 2. *Raven* : the emblem on the Danish flag.
 P. 58, l. 4. *Bane* : destruction, death.
 l. 13. *Main* : main body.
 l. 29. *Swath* : a line of corn or grass cut by the scythe.
 P. 59, l. 12. *Fell* : deadly, disastrous.
 l. 14. *Pevensy* : a village in Sussex, about twelve miles from Hastings. William the Conqueror landed on the shore of Pevensy Bay.

The Blowing of the Horn.

John Masefield (b. 1878) in his youth ran away to sea, where he acquired, under compulsion, the faculty of telling a good yarn, shown in "A Tarpaulin Muster." "The Everlasting Mercy" (1911) created a sensation by its realism and narrative power. It was followed by "The Widow in the Bye Street" (1912), "Dauber," "Reynard the Fox" (1919), and other volumes. Masefield has also written several novels—"Captain Margaret," "Sard Harker"—and dramas—"Nan," "Philip the King." The popularity of his work was recognised in his appointment as Poet Laureate, in 1930.

According to the legend, Roland and Oliver were the

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most famous knights in the service of the French king, Charlemagne, on his expedition against the Saracens in Spain. As the French army was returning through the Pyrenees, Roland, who commanded the rearguard, fell into an ambush at Roncesvalles. He had been betrayed by the traitor, Guenes. He fought, however, till only fifty of his men survived ; another Saracen force appeared, and Roland blew his magic horn for help. Charlemagne heard it, and came to the rescue, but too late.

The legend, which departs widely from history, is told in the old French " Song of Roland," from which this extract is translated.

- P. 59, l. 22. *Strain* : blast.
 l. 25. *Train* : followers, army.
- P. 60, l. 1. *Guenes* : Guenelon, or Ganelon, who had betrayed Roland.
 l. 3. *Ahoy* : this represents the blast of the trumpet.
 l. 10. *Naimés* : Naimon, Duke of Bavière, one of Charlemagne's knights.
Franks : French.
- l. 12. *Overborne* : overcome, overpowered.
 l. 15. *Lorn* : lost.
 l. 20. *Noples* : a Spanish stronghold captured by Roland and the Christians in 1091. It has not been identified, but may be Napal or Nabal, in the north-east.
 l. 21. *Durendal* : Roland's magic sword. According to the legend it had once belonged to the Trojan hero, Hector, and was made by the fairies. It could cleave the Pyrenees at a blow. Cf. King Arthur's sword Excalibur.
Smote them hip and side : overcame them completely. The usual phrase is " hip and thigh."
 l. 25. *Gabbing* : talking idly, chattering.
Peers : equals.
- l. 28. *Divide* : watershed ; the crests of the Pyrenees, dividing them from France.
- P. 61, l. 6. *He here* : Guenes, the traitor.
 l. 7. *War-gear* : armour and weapons.
 l. 11. *Emperor* : Charlemagne was Holy Roman Emperor.
 l. 13. *Hawberk* : steel ringlets or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body and adapted itself to every motion.
 l. 16. *Peer* : knight, lord.

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- l. 20. *Pagans* : the Saracens, who were Mohammedans, and were considered as pagans by the Christians.

The Escape.

Wilfred Wilson Gibson (*b.* 1878) shows the romantic influence of Tennyson in his early volumes, "Urlyn the Harper" (1900) and "The Queen's Vigil" (1902). With "Daily Bread" (1910) his attitude became realistic, and his theme the lives of ordinary men and women. He has also written several plays, including "Between Fairs" (1928).

- P. 61, l. 23. *Lanthorn-jawed* : or *lantern-jawed* : thin-faced : with long thin jaws.
 l. 25. *Ricks* : stacks.
 l. 28. *Hands* : farm-workers.
 P. 62, l. 1. *Junketing* : merry-making.
 l. 8. *Two-year-old* : a young horse.
 l. 13. *Steading* : the farm buildings.
 l. 25. *Grave-plot* : a plot of ground in the churchyard.
 l. 29. *Crack of doom* : the Day of Judgment.
 l. 30. *Seeped* : slowly soaked with water.
 l. 31. *Mould* : earth.

The Princess and the Gipsies.

Mrs Frances Macdonald Cornford (*b.* 1886) is the granddaughter of Charles Darwin. Her works include "Poems" (1909), "Spring Morning" (1915), "Autumn Midnight" (1923), "Different Days" (1928), and "Mountain Path" (1934).

The Old Cloak.

- P. 67, l. 1. *Waxeth* : grows.
 l. 3. *Boreas* : the north wind.
 l. 4. *Spill* : die.
 l. 9. *Flyte* : scold.
 l. 10. *Kens* : knowest.
 l. 12. *Cricket* : cricket.
 Rin : run.
 l. 27. *Groat* : penny.
 P. 68, l. 1. *In grain* : scarlet.
 l. 2. *Sigh clout* : a sieve cloth.
 l. 6. *Sine* : since.
 l. 16. *Clown* : ill-bred person.
 l. 18. *Degree* : rank.
 l. 21. *King Stephen* . . . : a reference to an old ballad.
 l. 24. *Lown* : loon, fellow of low birth.

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- l. 26. *Thou'se* : thou art.
- l. 32. *Good-man* : master of the house.
- P. 69, l. 1. *Threap* : argue.
- l. 2. *Plea* : pleading, as in a law-court ; defence ; argument.

Jolly Good Ale.

William Stevenson, the most probable author of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" (in which play this song occurs), was a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, from 1551 to 1554 and 1559 to 1561. He evidently knew well the fen-country and its inhabitants, their rude life and simple pleasures.

- P. 69, l. 12. *With him that wears a hood* : as well as a friar. The friars, in the Middle Ages, were notorious for their luxurious living.
- l. 14. *Nothing* : in no way, not at all.
- l. 19. *Crab* : a roasted crab-apple, dropped in to flavour and warm the ale.
- l. 20. *Do me stead* : satisfy me.
- l. 22. *Trow* : trust.
- P. 70, l. 5. *Troll* : to pass round.
- l. 6. *Malt-worm* : a toper, one fond of drinking.
- l. 14. *Scoured* : drunk out, emptied.
- l. 15. *Lustily* : vigorously.

Queen Mab.

Ben Jonson (1573-1637) was educated at Westminster, and was successively bricklayer's apprentice, soldier, actor, and dramatist. He was an erudite classical scholar, and bestowed great pains on his dramas, which are largely founded on classical models. His chief contribution to English drama was his development of the comedy of "Humours," characters in whom one peculiar quality is exaggerated to the extent of caricature, as in "Every Man in his Humour," "Volpone," and "The Alchemist." His lyrics are full of grace and sweetness.

- P. 70, l. 28. *Tester* : sixpence.
- P. 71, l. 3. *Trains* : draws.
- l. 7. *Franklin* : an old English freeholder or owner of land in his own right.
- l. 9. *St Anna* : or *St Agnes*. The legend is best described by Keats :—
'They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,

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And soft adorings from their loves receive
 Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
 If ceremonies due they did aright ;
 As, supperless to bed they must retire,
 And couch supine their beauties, lily white ;
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
 Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire."

Philomel.

Richard Barnfield (1574-1627) was a graduate of Oxford, and one of the lesser lyrical writers and sonneteers of the Elizabethan age.

Philomel : the nightingale.

P. 71, l. 22. *Up-till* : against. It was a popular belief that the nightingale, while singing, leant its breast against a "thorn," or hawthorn.

l. 24. *That* : so that.

l. 26. *Tereu* : an imitation of the nightingale's note and an allusion to Tereus.

l. 29. *Lively* : in a life-like way.

P. 72, l. 3. *Senseless* : without sense or feeling.

l. 5. *Pandion* : or Pandius, King of Athens, who had two daughters, Philomela and Procne. He called in against his enemies the assistance of Tereus, king of the Thracians in Daulis, and afterwards gave him his daughter Procne in marriage. Later, wishing to marry her sister Philomela, Tereus concealed Procne in the country and gave out that she was dead. At the same time he deprived Philomela of her tongue. Philomela, however, discovered the truth and made it known to her sister by a few words woven into a web. Procne thereupon killed her son Itys, and served up the flesh to Tereus. The sisters then fled, pursued by Tereus. When overtaken, they prayed to the gods to change them into birds. Procne became a swallow, Philomela a nightingale.

l. 6. *Lapped in lead* : buried in a coffin of lead.

To Daffodils.

Robert Herrick (1591-1634), the son of a London goldsmith, was educated at Cambridge for the Church and took a quiet country living in Devonshire, where, except for an interval when he was ejected by the Puritans, he passed the rest of his life. His numerous lyrics describe the picturesque homely life of Devon with its rural customs and vigorous merriment ; and, with his love-

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poems, place him in the front rank of English lyrical poets.

P. 72, l. 14. *Noon* : highest point in the sky.

l. 18. *Even-song* : the time of evening prayer.

Sally in our Alley.

Henry Carey (*d.* 1743) was a musician who wrote innumerable burlesques, songs, and operas for the London theatre. Many of them were very popular. "Sally" was commended by Addison, and introduced by Gay into "The Beggar's Opera." Carey claimed also to have written both words and music of "God Save the King."

Carey gives the following account of the incident which suggested "Sally in our Alley" : "A shoemaker's apprentice making a holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields, whence, proceeding to the Farthing Pie House, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beer, and bottled alc, through all which scenes the author followed them."

P. 73, l. 30. *Abroad* : out of doors.

P. 74, l. 1. *Carries me* : *i.e.* in his carriage.

l. 20. *Galley* : a long, low ship rowed by oars. Slaves, criminals, and prisoners were often set to the oars.

l. 21. *Seven long years* : his apprenticeship, which usually lasted that time.

Cradle Song.

William Blake (1757-1827) was born in London and became an engraver and printer. He issued and illustrated his own poems, of which the best known are "Songs of Innocence" (1787) and "Songs of Experience" (1794). At his best Blake combines a childlike simplicity with the vivid imagery and penetrating vision of a fervid mystic.

A Farewell.

Robert Burns (1759-1796) was brought up as a ploughman on his father's farm in Ayrshire. On the success of his poems, he obtained a post in the Excise, and took a farm near Dumfries. Drink and fame were his ruin, and he died, soon after, prematurely aged, at Dumfries.

Burns's best work is to be found in the pathos and passion of his love-lyrics, and in the reckless energy and

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often ironic humour of the "Address to the Deil," "The Jolly Beggars," and "Tam o' Shanter."

P. 77, l. 8. *Tassie* : cup (Fr. *tasse*).

l. 10. *A service* : on a visit to pay his court.

l. 12. *The Ferry* : at Queensferry, the site of the present Forth Bridge.

l. 13. *Berwick-law* : a low hill behind North Berwick.

Daffodils.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was born and educated in the Lake District, where he spent a free and happy childhood. After a short period at Cambridge University, he travelled abroad, chiefly in France, just after the outbreak of the Revolution. His enthusiasm for France and the ideas of the Revolution suffered a severe shock with the September Massacres in 1792, and for the next few years he was in a state of deep depression and uncertainty. These years were spent at Nether Stowey, in Somerset, in the society of his sister Dorothy and his friend Coleridge. Through their influence and by his renewed contact with Nature, he gradually returned to his healthy youthful outlook, and in 1798 began the great period of his poetic production. In that year he issued "Lyrical Ballads," in collaboration with Coleridge. The book is a turning-point in literary history. Wordsworth discarded the artificial style of Pope and Johnson, and wrote of ordinary men and their primary emotions in the natural language of everyday life. Both emotions and language he found in their purest state in the country : hence his poems deal almost entirely with incidents and characters taken from country life.

In her "Journal," Wordsworth's sister, Dorothy, gives the following description of the daffodils : "When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the waterside. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more ; at last under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them ; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow, for weariness ; and the rest tossed and reeled and

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danced and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake ; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. The wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot, and a few stragglers higher up ; but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity, unity, and life of the one busy highway."

P. 78, l. 6. *The Milky Way* : a broad, luminous belt in the sky, formed by the light of numberless stars.

l. 14. *Jocund* : pleasant, happy.

l. 18. *In vacant mood* : not thinking of anything.

After Blenheim.

Robert Southey (1774-1843) belongs, with Wordsworth and Coleridge, to the group known as the "Lake Poets." He was a greater scholar than poet ; and so voluminous and detailed a writer that the very wealth of his information stifles his ideas. Hence only his slighter works now survive—his "Life of Nelson" (1813) and such short poems as "The Inchcape Rock" and "After Blenheim."

Blenheim : a village in Bavaria, where, in 1704, the Duke of Marlborough and his ally, Prince Eugene of Savoy, defeated the French and Bavarians.

P. 80, l. 8. *Ploughshare* : the blade or cutting part of the plough.

l. 24. *Little stream* : Blenheim is on the banks of the Nebel, near its junction with the Danube.

l. 28. *Where to rest his head* : a shelter.

A Canadian Boat Song.

Tom Moore (1779-1852) was born and educated in Dublin. His "Irish Melodies" established him as the national poet of Ireland, "the sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong." He also wrote a "History of Ireland," and various biographies, including that of his intimate friend, Lord Byron.

The following is Moore's own account of the origin of the "Song" : "I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sang to us frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal. . . . Our *voyageurs* had good voices and sang perfectly in tune together. . . . I remember . . . the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those

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new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this interesting voyage."

- P. 81, l. 18. *St. Anne's* : the last church on the island, called after St. Anne, the patron saint of the voyagers.
 l. 20. *Rapids* : the rapids of St. Anne, at Montreal.
 l. 21. *Unfurl* : spread.
 l. 23. *The wind blows off the shore* : a wind generally blows from land to sea in the evening.
 l. 27. *Ottawa's tide* : the river Ottawa, a tributary of the St. Lawrence, into which it flows at Montreal.
 l. 28. *Surges* : waters.

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

Allan Cunningham (1784-1842), a native of Dumfriesshire, began life as a stonemason's apprentice, and afterwards became clerk of the works to the sculptor Francis Chantrey. He was deeply interested in local songs and ballads, and his own best and most popular poems are written in the style of these.

Sheet : a rope for handling a sail.

Flowing : rising.

- P. 83, l. 4. *Lee* : the side away from the wind.

Gipsies.

John Clare (1793-1864), the Northamptonshire peasant-poet, wrote his earlier poems in the intervals of hard manual labour in the fields, and his later work in lucid intervals in a mad-house, to which ill-health, overwork, and drink had brought him. His best poems describe with clear natural simplicity and detailed accuracy the life of the country as he knew it.

- P. 83, l. 22. *Brakes* : bracken.

Meg Merrilies.

John Keats (1795-1821) was born in London and apprenticed to a surgeon. He was a friend of Shelley and Leigh Hunt. His first long poem, "Endymion" (1818), illustrates the strength and weakness of Keats : it excels in rich sensuous descriptions and happy phrases but the story is lost (and remains unfinished) among the wealth of detail. The influence of Spenser is deeply marked. In his next volume, "Lamia, Isabella, and Other Poems" (1820), Keats illustrates the statement that he went to school with the great English poets. "Lamia" is in the style of Dryden, "Hyperion" is a Miltonic fragment, while many of the sonnets are Shakespearean in tone. These poems

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show a rapid development and his "Letters" prove that he was even more mature in mind than some of the poems might allow us to suspect. He was attaining to something of the literary perfection of his favourite Greece, when he died of consumption in Rome. Keats at his best is master of a Shakespearean felicity of phrase, and his early death robbed England of one of her potentially greatest poets.

P. 84, l. 9. *Swart* : black.

Blackberries : brambles.

l. 21. *Woodbine* : honeysuckle.

P. 85, l. 2. *Amazon* : a tall female warrior. The Amazons were a fabulous race of such, believed to have come from the Caucasus and to have settled in Asia Minor.

l. 4. *Chip-hat* : a cheap kind of hat, made of strips of palm-leaves, or "chip-straw" ; a straw-hat.

An Elfin Knight.

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820) was an American journalist, born in New York City, and author of the fantastic poem "The Culprit Fay."

P. 85, l. 8. *Was plumed* : had for its plume or crest.

Thistle-down : the feathery seeds of the thistle.

l. 9. *Corselet* : a piece of armour protecting the body.

l. 13. *Ladybird* : a small beetle, usually brilliant red or yellow.

l. 14. *Ground* : background.

l. 18. *Bent-grass* : a stiff sort of grass.

l. 19. *Cockle* : a purple-flowered weed found among corn.

l. 22. *Rocket star* : a comet or shooting-star.

A Song.

Thomas Hood (1799-1845) was an Irish poet with an original and delicate gift of expression, but was often forced by his poverty into a popular humorous vein. His best-known serious poem, "The Bridge of Sighs," shows a deep and fine sympathy for the unfortunate.

P. 86, l. 2. *Dragons* : cruel people.

l. 4. *Orient* : Eastern.

l. 5. *Gossamers* : threads of a spider's web.

l. 7. *Deck* : adorn.

l. 8. *Dower* : dowry ; wedding gift or portion.

The Beggar Maid.

P. 86, l. 14. *Cophetua* : an imaginary African king.

l. 22. *Mien* : expression, bearing, appearance.

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The Owl.

P. 87, l. 4. *Sail* : *i.e.* of the windmill.

l. 6. *Five wits* : the five senses, *i.e.* sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch. The expression here means simply that the owl is keeping himself warm.

l. 11. *Roundelay* : a song in which parts are repeated. It was originally sung to a dance in a ring.

The Last Buccaneer.

Kingsley "was a naturalist by instinct, and the West Indies and all belonging to them had been the passion of his life. He had followed the logs and journals of the Elizabethan adventurers till he had made their genius part of himself. In Amyas Leigh, the hero of 'Westward Ho,' he produced a figure more completely representative of that extraordinary set of men than any other novelist, except Sir Walter, has ever done for an age remote from his own. He followed them down into their latest developments, and sang their swan-song in his 'Lay of the Last Buccaneer.'" (J. A. Froude, *The English in the West Indies*).

Buccaneer : pirate.

P. 87, l. 18. *Avès* : (literally, *birds*) a small island off the coast of Venezuela, directly north of Caracas.

Spanish main : the northern mainland of South America, especially that part bordering the Caribbean Sea.

P. 88, l. 2. *Wrung . . . from Indian folk* : the early Spanish conquerors of Mexico and Peru had wrung as much treasure as they could from the natives. They often used torture for their purpose.

l. 4. *Keel-haul* : to punish by hauling under the keel of a ship with ropes from the one side to the other.

l. 6. *Colibri* : a kind of humming-bird.

l. 7. *Bondage* : slavery.

l. 10. *Net* : a hammock.

l. 13. *Scripture saith, an ending . . .* : probably Psalm cxix. 96 : "I have seen an end of all perfection."

l. 15. *Booms* : a chain or bar stretched across a harbour to prevent ships entering.

l. 16. *Piragua* : a dug-out canoe, or a large flat-bottomed rowing-boat.

P. 89, l. 3. *Sea-dove* : the little auk, a web-footed bird, with short wings used only as paddles.

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“ *How's my Boy?* ”

Sydney Thompson Dobell (1824–1874) belonged to what, in the 'fifties, was nicknamed the Spasmodic School—a group of poets inclined to extravagant passion and disjointed thought. Many of Aytoun's poems (cf. p. 140) are parodies of these writers.

The Danes.

The Danes : the Danes began to invade the eastern shores of England about A.D. 800.

- P. 90, l. 24. *Rows of . . . shields* : while rowing their galleys, the Danes protected themselves with their shields, held edge to edge to form a wall.
- l. 25. *Gunwales* : the upper edges of a ship's side.
- l. 29. *Hauberk* : steel ringlets or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body and adapted itself to every motion.

A Fable.

Thomas Edward Brown (1830–1897), a Manxman educated at Oxford, passed most of his life as a schoolmaster. He has left a considerable body of poetry, including a number of fine lyrics and several realistic tales in the Manx dialect. He has not yet been admitted to his just position among the greater Victorian poets. His best work is “*Fo'c'sle Yarns*” (1881).

- P. 91, l. 6. *Harebell* : a plant with blue bell-shaped flowers: often called a blue-bell.
- l. 8. *Tutania* : the queen of the fairies.
- l. 12. *Her . . . Lord* : Oberon, the fairy king.

Summer.

Christina G. Rossetti (1830–1894), sister of Dante Gabriel, was born in London. “*Goblin Market*” (1862) and “*The Prince's Progress*” (1866) have a grace and sweetness partly due to the writer's acquaintance with Italian, and a colour that calls to mind her association with the Pre-Raphaelite group of painters. Her later poetry is devoted to religious themes.

- P. 92, l. 2. *Yea and nay* : yes and no, changeable.
- l. 14. *Beetles transact business* : beetles hurry about from place to place, which gives them the appearance of being busy.
- l. 19. *Ladybird* : a small beetle, usually brilliant red or yellow.
- l. 21. *Embrown* : grow brown.

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A Song.

R. W. Dixon (1833-1900) was the friend of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and William Morris, and published several poetical, religious, and historical works. He was a clergyman and schoolmaster in the North of England.

Lines for a Bed.

William Morris (1834-1896), after an education at Marlborough and Oxford, began his career as an architect. His artistic temperament revolted from the monotonous drabness of an age of machinery, and he devoted himself to restoring something of the inspired craftsmanship of the Middle Ages. He joined the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, founded for a similar purpose by D. G. Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Millais, and included among his enterprises hand-printing, painting, poetry, and designs for wall-papers and house-decoration. In "The Life and Death of Jason" he approaches Chaucer in the ease and limpidity of his narrative, while in his lyrics he gives evidence of dramatic power.

Kelmscott Manor : an old house, on the banks of the upper Thames. Morris bought it in 1871.

P. 93, l. 13. *Wold* : open country, downs.

l. 16. *Mead* : meadow.

P. 94, l. 10. *Wane* : decrease.

The Old Squire.

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt (1840-1922) lived, in England, the life of his "old squire," the simple outdoor life described in his poetry. His political activities resolved themselves, like Burke's, into a defence of rising or downtrodden nationalities—Ireland, Egypt, and India. A great part of his later life was spent quietly in Egypt, and is reflected, along with his political interests in the East, in "My Diaries."

P. 95, l. 9. *Beagle* : a small hound that tracks by scent. It was formerly much used in hunting the hare.

l. 19. *New world* : the modern or new-fashioned people and their ways.

l. 22. *Manor* : a nobleman's estate.

P. 96, l. 6. *Meuse* : the "form" or bed of a hare.

l. 7. *Road* : the hare makes and follows regular paths or roads in the grass.

l. 9. *Lags* : marshy meadows, usually beside a stream.

Gills : small wooded glens.

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Weathers.

Thomas Hardy (1840–1928), born in Dorsetshire, and educated at King's College, London, owed much to his apprenticeship as an architect. The Wessex novels are great architecture in the Greek style ; and, including the great tragedies, "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1874), "The Return of the Native" (1878), "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (1891), and "Jude the Obscure" (1894), and idylls like "Under the Greenwood Tree" (1872), they surpass in nobility and simple grandeur of design the body of work done by any other modern English novelist. In 1896, Hardy turned definitely to poetry, and published, besides a great number of short poems, early and later, an epic drama "The Dynasts." Both novels and poems express, in the lives of rustic characters, the sense of impending Fate, tinged with a universal irony and pity—often mistaken for pessimism. The universe and humanity are in the grasp of the "President of the Immortals," the ironical Fate, against whose sport the protagonists nevertheless strive not unworthily.

- P. 97, l. 3. *Chestnut spikes* : the spike-shaped groups of flowers of the chestnut tree.
1. 4. *Nestlings* : young birds in the nest.
 1. 5. *Bills* : joins bills with, or caresses, his mate.
 1. 7. *Sprig-mushn* : muslin adorned by sprigs of embroidery.
 1. 8. *South and west* : the part of England where they will go on holiday.
 1. 12. *Dun* : dark brown.
 1. 13. *Ply* : bend back and forwards.
 1. 14. *Hill-hid tides* : the water in the springs inside the hills.
 1. 17. *Families* : groups.

The Night of Trafalgár.

This song is from "The Dynasts," Act V. Scene vii. Part i, and is sung by the Second Boatman in the tap-room of the "Old Rooms" Inn at Weymouth.

Trafalgár : the accent is on the last syllable. This was the original English pronunciation.

- P. 97, l. 20. *Back-sea, Front-sea* : Weymouth harbour and Portland Roads, separated by the promontory of the Nothe. At high tides the waves washed across the isthmus.

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1. 21. *Drub* : beat or thrash of the waves.
- P. 98, l. 1. *Nothe* : the promontory that separates Weymouth Harbour from Portland Roads.
1. 4. *Cadiz Bay* : in the south-west of Spain. The French fleet came out from Cadiz Bay to fight the English at Trafalgar.

The Ladies of St. James's.

Henry Austin Dobson (1840-1921) served most of his life in the Board of Trade. He had a wide and accurate knowledge of the eighteenth century, and wrote biographies of Hogarth, Steele, Goldsmith, Horace Walpole, Richardson, and Fanny Burney, besides three series of shorter studies, "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes." His poetry has also something of the polished and graceful tone associated with much of the lighter eighteenth-century verse.

- St. James's* : the chief royal palace in London ; the Court.
- P. 98, l. 17. *Footmen* : servants in livery, attending the sedan-chair in which the lady was carried.
 - P. 99, l. 2. *Shoon* : shoes. Buckled shoes were a sign of country-breeding and country fashion.
 1. 7. *Ombre* : a fashionable eighteenth-century game of cards, played by three persons, one of whom is the "man" (Spanish, *el hombre*) and is opposed by the other two.
 1. 10. *Russet* : a coarse homespun cloth, of reddish-brown colour.
 1. 12. *Down* : downstairs, arisen.
 1. 15. *Essences* : perfumes.
 1. 18. *Heath* : heather-bell.

Furze : gorse.

- P. 100, l. 11. *Shrove-tide* : the days before Ash-Wednesday and Lent.

The Windmill.

Robert Bridges (1844-1930) was educated at Eton and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and studied medicine. In 1913 he was appointed Poet Laureate. His works include various plays, critical essays, and "The Testament of Beauty." His interest in the mechanics of his craft and verse experiment is evident in his study, "Milton's Prosody," and in the exquisite workmanship of his own poetry. On its appearance "The Testament of Beauty" was hailed as likely to become a classic in English poetry.

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P. 100, l. 23. *Paddock pale* : the fence of the horse-park.

P. 101, l. 4. *Grist* : supply of corn for grinding.

Reckoneth : counts.

l. 14. *O'erlook* : look at, pay attention to.

In London Town.

Mary Elizabeth Coleridge (1861–1907), a descendant of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, inherited something of his magical imagination. She is chiefly remarkable for the intense concentration of her poems, the two volumes of which—"Poems Old and New" (1907) and "Gathered Leaves" (1910)—were published posthumously. The same qualities distinguish her short stories, like "The King is Dead : Long Live the King," and her novels, "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus" (1893) and "The King with Two Faces" (1897).

P. 101, l. 17. *Bird of Paradise* : an Eastern bird with gorgeously-coloured feathers.

The Owl.

Arthur Christopher Benson (1862–1925), an Eton house-master and later President of Magdalene College, Cambridge, is chiefly known by his essays and contemplative work. He wrote also studies of Pater and FitzGerald in the "English Men of Letters" series.

P. 102, l. 18. *Hermit* : one who lives apart from all society.

l. 21. *The edge . . . light* : the sunset.

l. 24. *Demoniacally* : like a demon.

P. 103, l. 2. *Bracken* : fern.

Brake : thicket : a place overgrown with ferns.

l. 5. *Hornèd* : from two tufts of feathers on the head, like horns.

l. 7. *Copse* : a wood of small trees.

The Song of the Old Mother.

William Butler Yeats (*b.* 1865), born in Dublin and educated at Godolphin School, Hammersmith, took to art, but left it for literature. He took a prominent part in the revival of Irish drama at the beginning of the century. His prose work includes "The Celtic Twilight" (1893) and "Ideas of Good and Evil" (1903). The beauty—and the weakness—of his poetry, lies in its magical and romantic atmosphere.

P. 103, l. 14. *The seed of the fire* : the embers, covered up and still alive from the previous night.

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A Smuggler's Song.

Rudyard Kipling (*b.* 1865) was born in Bombay and educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho!, in north Devon. He was engaged in journalistic work in India from 1882 to 1889. His fame rests chiefly on his short stories and tales, most of which deal with India. "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "Soldiers Three" (1888), "The Jungle Book" (1894), "Kim" (1901), and "Puck of Pook's Hill" (1906) are specially popular, while "Stalky and Co." (1899) is one of the best school stories ever written. In verse Kipling made his reputation with "Departmental Ditties" (1886) and "Barrack-Room Ballads" (1892).

In the 'nineties Kipling widened the scope of poetry both in vocabulary and subject matter, by introducing slang and accurate technical detail, and by treating aspects of army life and of the machine age as his fit material. Energy, humour, and realism combined to make him one of the most popular of poets and story-tellers.

P. 104, l. 2. *Watch the wall* : don't look out of the window.

Gentlemen : smugglers.

l. 13. *Setting* : (=sitting) standing.

P. 105, l. 5. *Valenciennes* : a town in north-east France, once famous for fine lace.

l. 6. *Along o'* : because of, on account of, as a reward for.

Dane-Geld.

Dane-Geld : the "gold" or money paid by Ethelred the Unready to the marauding Danes to return to Denmark without molesting the English.

P. 106, l. 6. *Succumb* : yield (to the temptation).

Auvergnat.

Joseph Hilaire Pierre Belloc (*b.* 1870) was born in France, and educated at the Oratory School, Edgbaston, and Balliol College, Oxford. He is a versatile writer on all subjects. His best-known works are "The Path to Rome" (1902), "The Four Men," "Marie Antoinette," a "History of England," and "Wolsey" (1930).

Auvergnat : an inhabitant of Auvergne, a district in central France. The Auvergnat has the reputation of being dour and stolid, and his feelings are seldom deeply moved.

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P. 106, l. 15. *Clermont* : the capital of Auvergne.

l. 19. *Verger* : the beadle of a cathedral.

P. 107, l. 4. *Pontgibaud* : a town about five miles north-west of Clermont.

The Kingfisher.

William Henry Davies (b. 1871) passed his earlier years as a tramp in America. His experiences are related in "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" (1906), and his poems have grown out of them. His work has the simplicity of Bunyan and the Bible.

The Bells of Heaven.

Ralph Hodgson (b. 1871) is best known by poems expressing sympathy for animals, and indignation with those who ill-treat them. "The Bull" is one of his most notable longer poems.

Eve.

P. 108, l. 18. *Cobra* : an Indian snake.

l. 22. *Humble proud heaven* : Satan had raised revolt in heaven, had been defeated, and was now seeking revenge by causing the fall of man, whom God had created.

P. 109, l. 5. *Sprite* : spirit, fairy.

l. 28. *Blasphemous Tree* : the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, in the garden of Eden

l. 30. *Titmouse* : a small bird : the blue-cap.

P. 110, l. 1. *Rated* : scolded.

l. 11. *Lewd* : low, indecent.

l. 13. *The toast goes round* : they drink her health.

Nicholas Nye.

P. 111, l. 21. *Darnel* : a kind of grass.

Dock : a weed.

l. 22. *May* : hawthorn.

P. 112, l. 11. *Gumpton* : common sense.

The Parrots.

P. 113, l. 3. *Shrill* : very bright.

l. 6. *Against . . . peaks* : with the peaks for a background.

l. 7. *Forgotten life* : previous existence, from which the poet suggests that the scene is a memory.

Old Grey Squirrel.

Alfred Noyes (b. 1880) was born at Wolverhampton and

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educated at Exeter College, Oxford. He has dealt poetically with great historical actions, as in "Drake" (1908) and "The Torchbearers" (1922-25-30). Such shorter poems as "The Highwayman" and "The Barrel-Organ" have achieved wide popularity.

- P. 113, l. 16. *Schooner* : a swift sailing-vessel, generally two-masted.
- l. 18. *Freight* : cargo.
- l. 20. *Golden Gate* : the passage, five miles long and one mile wide, leading into the land-locked harbour of San Francisco, in California.
- l. 21. *Penny dreadful* : a cheap magazine or paper, containing sensational stories.
- l. 22. *Conger-eel* : a large kind of eel.
- P. 114, l. 1. *Trawler* : a fishing vessel.
- Flat-fish* : fish like the sole, flounder, turbot, etc., with a flat body.
- l. 5. *Brigantine* : a two-masted, square-rigged sailing-ship.
- Norway* : Norway.
- l. 6. *Syrups* : the gum which oozes from pine-trees.
- l. 7. *Sunderland* : a large shipbuilding, iron- and coal-exporting town about twelve miles south of Newcastle.
- l. 8. *Blue Cross Line* : imaginary: but the name occurs in the sea-shanty "Clear the track, let the bullgine run."
- l. 9. *Hatch* : hatchway : the opening in the deck leading down to the hold.
- l. 16. *Capstan* : an upright machine turned by spokes, for winding in a rope or chain.
- l. 20. *Totting* : adding up rows of figures.
- l. 21. *'Frisco* : San Francisco, in California : the largest port on the Pacific coast of America.

Anthony Crundle.

John Drinkwater (*b.* 1882) is best known from the historical dramas "Abraham Lincoln" (1918), "Oliver Cromwell" (1921), "Mary Stuart" (1921), "Robert E. Lee" (1923), and "Robert Burns" (1925), which were written for and produced by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, of which he was manager. He has also written a number of biographies, the best of which is that of Pepys (1930); and autobiographical volumes, like "Inheritance" (1931). His verse is rooted in his native Gloucestershire and he belongs to the country tradition.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

R.I.P. : Requiescat in pace : may he rest in peace.

P. 115, l. 2. *Piccolo* : a small flute.

l. 4. *Perry* : a drink made by fermenting the juice of pears.

Cider : a drink made by fermenting the juice of apples.

l. 6. *Sickle* : a hooked instrument for cutting grain by hand.

The Vagabond.

P. 116, l. 1. *Grayling* : a silvery grey fish of the salmon family.

l. 2. *Filberts* : hazel-nuts.

The Apple Tree.

James Stephens (*b.* 1882) was born in Dublin. He is an ardent Nationalist and has devoted much attention to the language and mythology of Ireland. He can combine a sardonic humour with fantastic imagination, as in the rich prose of "The Crock of Gold" (1912). His poems show in addition a child-like disillusion and a child-like sympathy with misfortune, expressed with stark simplicity.

There was an Indian.

Sir John Squire (*b.* 1884), educated at Blundell's School and St. John's College, Cambridge, is editor of the "London Mercury," and contributes literary criticism regularly to the "Sunday Times" and the "Daily Telegraph." He is also editor of the "English Men of Letters" series. Critic, essayist, poet, and athlete, chairman of the Architecture Club, and secretary of the Stonehenge Preservation Society, his interests are wide as they are vital, and his influence is always on the side of sanity in letters and art.

"The Spaniards . . . were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror, that they began to respect their new guests

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as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth" (William Robertson, "The History of America").

P. 117, l. 8. *Commingled noise* : various noises mingled together.

l. 17. *Columbus* : the Genoese sailor who discovered America (or the West Indies) in 1492.

Caravel : a light sailing-ship.

Doom-burdened : as if heavy with the doom of America whose fate Columbus decided.

The Idlers.

Edmund Charles Blunden (b. 1896) was Professor of English Literature at Tokio University (1924-1927). His poems, informed by a love of the English countryside, include "The Waggoner" (1920), "The Shepherd" (1922), "To Nature" (1923), "Masks of Time" (1925), and "English Poems" (1928). He has also written a volume of war reminiscences, "Undertones of War."

P. 117, l. 20. *Hoppled* : hobbled : with legs fastened together to prevent straying.

Further : farther off.

l. 22. *Goss* : gorse : furze or whin.

Churr : to make a low sound.

P. 118, l. 1. *Ell* : yard.

l. 3. *Leas* : meadows.

l. 5. *Swedes* : Swedish turnips.

l. 6. *Pith* : the spongy substance contained in the stems of the reeds.

Full Moon.

Victoria Mary Sackville-West (b. 1892) is descended from an old aristocratic family, and her novels "The Land" (1926) and "The Edwardians" (1930) thus draw naturally on a knowledge of the English peasant and the English aristocracy. Her wide travels supply the material for "Passenger to Teheran" (1926) and for much of her poetry.

P. 118, l. 9. *Taffeta* : a thin glossy silk stuff with a wavy lustre.

l. 10. *Isfahan* : or Ispahan, the former capital of Persia. It is still famous for its woven stuffs.

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- l. 12. *Coral-hafted* : with a coral handle.
- l. 16. *Betelgeuse* : a large star in the constellation Orion.
Aldebaran : a large star in the constellation Taurus.
- l. 18. *Charlatan* : pretender.

Widdecombe Fair.

Widdecombe : a town in the middle of Dartmoor. The Fair is still held, and Bill Brewer and his companions are represented in a procession.

- P. 122, l. 11. *Gashly* : ghastly, like a ghost.
- l. 15. *Skirling* : shrieking shrilly.

The Despairing Lover.

William Walsh (1663–1708) studied at Oxford, stood for Parliament, and was gentleman of the horse to Queen Anne. His chief title to fame is his friendship with Pope, whom he advised to be a “correct” poet.

- P. 123, l. 2. *Languish* : to pine, grow dull and feeble.
- l. 22. *How grievous soever* : howsoever grievous.

A Reasonable Affliction.

Matthew Prior (1664–1721), after an education at Westminster School and Cambridge, was employed in various diplomatic posts, and, in particular, played a prominent part in negotiating the Treaty of Utrecht. He excelled in epigrams and short occasional pieces and familiar verse.

- P. 123, l. 31. *Spouse* : wife.

An Elegy on . . . Mrs. Mary Blaize.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774) was the son of an Irish clergyman—the kindly Mr. Primrose of “The Vicar of Wakefield.” After desultory studies at Dublin, Edinburgh, and Leyden, he travelled on foot over France, Switzerland, and Italy, earning his living by his flute. On his return to London, he produced various types of work : essays, collected in “The Citizen of the World” ; a novel, “The Vicar of Wakefield” ; two plays, “The Good-natured Man” and “She Stoops to Conquer” ; and a few poems, including “The Traveller” and “The Deserted Village.” His kindly humour and universal good-nature shine through all he wrote, and a natural and limpid style of exquisite charm has placed his work among the classics.

NOTES

P. 124, l. 14. *Pledge* : goods left to ensure that the loan would be repaid.

l. 20. *Hoop* : a circle of whalebone or steel, used to expand the skirt of a dress.

l. 23. *Aver* : declare to be true.

l. 24. *Beaux* : lovers, men of fashion.

P. 125, l. 4. *Disorder* : illness.

l. 6. *Kent Street* : a street in Southwark, London, a poor neighbourhood.

Apple Dumplings and a King.

John Wolcot (1738–1819) was doctor, clergyman, and author. Most of his poetry is satire in which he excelled from a mischievous capacity for exposing foibles.

P. 125, l. 9. *Monarch* : George III, of whom Wolcot often made fun in his poems.

l. 12. *Buck* : male deer.

l. 14. *Consequence* : importance, attitude of importance.

l. 15. *Cot* : cottage.

l. 18. *Illum'd* : lit. The light came through the crannies or cracks in the walls.

l. 22. “*What’s this ? what’s this ?*” : it was a well-known habit of George III to speak quickly and repeat phrases and words. Byron also, in “*The Vision of Judgement*,” satirises this habit.

P. 126, l. 6. *Pinetti* : Signora Pinetti was a famous conjurer and clairvoyant who, about 1783, invented and practised a system of Second Sight. Sitting blindfolded in a front box of a theatre, she replied to questions and showed her knowledge of articles in the possession of the audience. She was able to do this from signals made by a confederate in the audience, and from his variations in the form and tone of the questions.

l. 8. *Goody* : good woman.

Seam : the line along which two pieces of cloth have been sewn together.

Epigram.

John Coakley Lettson (1744–1815) was a physician of advanced views, and the author of a number of biographical and philanthropic works.

P. 126, l. 14. *Physics* : give them medicine.

Bleeds : draw blood from. “*Bleeding*” was an old form of treatment for certain illnesses.

Sweats : cause them to sweat by drugs or treatment.

l. 16. *I* : formerly, *i* and *j* were interchangeable.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Tom Bowling.

Charles Dibdin (1745-1814) was a minor dramatist and song-writer associated with Garrick, the great actor.

Of his voluminous output only a few sea-songs have survived oblivion by their vitality and breezy humour.

P. 126, l. 17. *Hulk* : the body of a ship, especially of one old and disused.

l. 20. *Broach'd . . . to* : turned suddenly to the wind, so as to expose (a vessel) to the danger of capsizing.

P. 127, l. 8. *Poll* : (1) Polly, sweetheart ; (2) head.

l. 16. *To pipe all hands* : to call all the sailors on deck.

l. 17. *Tar* : " tarpaulin," a popular name for a sailor.

l. 19. *Under hatches* : (1) in the hold, below the deck of a ship, off duty ; (2) below the ground.

The Sailor's Consolation.

P. 127, l. 23. *Buntline* : a rope passing from the foot-rope of a square sail, and led up to the masthead and thence on deck, to help in hauling up the sail.

Slewed : turned over (in his mouth).

Quid : a piece of tobacco for chewing.

l. 24. *Bowline* : a rope from the weather side of the square sails to the port or starboard bow, to keep the sail close to the wind.

P. 128, l. 12. *Spouses* : wives.

On a Schoolmaster.

P. 128, l. 25. *Banes* : bones.

l. 27. *Weans* : (pronounced *wanes*) children.

The War Song of Dinas Vawr.

Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866), the son of a London merchant, was in the service of the East India Company. He wrote a number of satirical novels, interspersed with fine lyrics, in which classical purity of style and conception alternates with burlesque. Of these the best, written at the same time as "Ivanhoe," but independently of it, is "Maid Marian."

P. 129, l. 9. *Dyfed* : the old kingdom of Pembrokeshire.

P. 130, l. 2. *Glutted* : fed to excess.

l. 3. *Cravens* : cowards.

The Hand of Glory.

Richard Harris Barham (1788-1845), born at Canterbury and educated at St. Paul's School and Brasenose College, Oxford, was ordained in 1813. His series of humor-

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- ous poems, "The Ingoldsby Legends," half narrative, half parody, appeared mostly in the "Miscellany" begun in 1837 by his old schoolfellow Richard Bentley.
- P. 130, l. 25. *Who list* : those who wish.
- P. 131, l. 1. *Tappington (Court)* : an Elizabethan mansion near Woolton, Kent, on the road from Canterbury to Dover.
- l. 15. *Hovel* : a small, mean house.
- l. 20. *Matthew Hopkins* : a famous witch-finder who had sixty women hanged in Essex in one year. He published his "Discovery of Witches" in 1647, but was exposed and hanged as a sorcerer.
- P. 132, l. 5. *Gentle and simple* : people of high and of low birth respectively.
- l. 10. *Casement* : window.
- l. 15. *Lair* : den.
- l. 18. *Pate* : the head, especially the crown.
- l. 19. *Full-bottom'd* : with a large part hanging down over the shoulders.
- l. 21. *Hose* : stockings.
- l. 22. *Bedizen'd* : richly decorated.
- l. 29. *Haply* : perhaps.
- Deems* : thinks.
- l. 32. *Rose-noble* : an ancient English gold coin, stamped with the figure of a rose, and worth 6s. 8d.
- Moidore* : a disused Portuguese coin, of gold, worth 27s.
- l. 33. *Double-Joe* : a fourpenny-bit, so called from Joseph Hume, M.P., who recommended the coin for paying cab-fares, etc. (1836).
- Ayont* : beyond.
- P. 133, l. 1. *Closet* : a small private room.
- l. 2. *Truckle bed* : a low bed, on wheels, that may be pushed under another.
- l. 4. *Master Horner* : Jack Horner.
- Erst* : formerly, once upon a time.
- l. 11. *Dip* : a candle made by dipping a wick in tallow.
- P. 134, l. 12. *Whittle* : a large sheath, or clasp, knife.
- P. 135, l. 7. *Carotid, jugular* : the two main arteries and the two veins of the neck.
- l. 12. *Staunch* : to stop the flow.
- l. 14. *Anatomists* : those skilled in the structure and dissection of the body.
- l. 22. *Rochester* : a town in Kent, on the estuary of the Medway.

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- l. 22. *At the sign of the Crown* : at the "Crown Inn."
- l. 23. *Shabby-genteel* : really shabby, but keeping up an appearance of fashion.
- l. 24. *Stubble-goose* : wild goose.
- l. 26. *Sage* : a kind of mint, used for flavouring meat.
- l. 32. *Boots* : the servant who cleans the boots at an inn.
- P. 136, l. 3. *Gibbet* : gallows.
- l. 8. *Steeple-crown'd* : with the crown tapering to a point, like a church-steeple.
- l. 9. *Hempen cravat* : a rope of hemp, put round the neck.
- l. 14. "*She swims!*" : if a woman "swam" when thrown into a pond, it was formerly taken as proof that she was a witch.
- l. 16. *Faggot* : a bundle of sticks for fuel.
Billet : a small log for burning.
Brand : a piece of wood burning or for burning.
- l. 18. *Harridan* : a haggard old woman.
- l. 19. *Crupper* : the part behind the saddle.
- l. 23. *Ducrow* : Andrew Ducrow (1793-1842) was a famous equestrian performer at Astley's circus. He originated many feats of horsemanship.
- l. 27. *Adage* : proverb, saying.
- P. 137, l. 1. "*Double*" : to turn sharply back in running, in order to throw the pursuers off the track.

The Milkmaid.

Jefferys Taylor (1792-1853) was a writer of humorous and fanciful books for children.

- P. 137, l. 6. *Mused* : thought deeply, reflected.
- P. 138, l. 2. *Tell* : count.
- l. 14. *Superciliously* : disdainfully : with conceit.

The Height of the Ridiculous.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was professor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard University. His fame rests on a few great lyrics, like "The Chambered Nautilus" and on the humour and wisdom of the world in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" (1857-1858), "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table" (1859), and "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table" (1872).

- P. 139, l. 27. *As* : as if.
- l. 28. *Albeit* : although.
- P. 140, l. 8. *The devil to pay* : serious trouble in store.
- l. 12. *Upon the grin* : beginning to grin or smile.

NOTES

The Broken Pitcher.

William Edmondstone Aytoun (1813-1865) was educated at Edinburgh Academy and University, called to the Bar in 1840, and became sheriff of Orkney in 1852. Like Sir Walter Scott, however, he combined law with literature, being appointed professor of belles-lettres at Edinburgh in 1852. He excelled in parody, and his best work, of this kind, is contained in "Bon Gaultier Ballads" (1845); but "The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" (1849) showed that he could excel equally in serious poems written in the ballad style.

P. 141, l. 1. *Oviedo* : a town in northern Spain.

l. 2. *Hight* : called.

Toledo : a humorous form of Toledo, a town in central Spain.

l. 14. *Scored* : struck.

Costard : head.

l. 15. *Alcaydè* : governor, chief magistrate.

The Bee and the Lily.

Thomas Westwood (1814?-1888) was a minor poet of exquisite taste and a friend of Charles Lamb.

P. 142, l. 17. *Gossip* : a familiar friend.

P. 143, l. 9. *Censure* : blame, unfavourable opinion.

In the Coach.

P. 143, l. 24. *Lil cauf* : little calf.

l. 25. *Scruff* : the loose skin at the back of the neck.

P. 144, l. 9. *Ramsey* : a seaport in the north of the Isle of Man.

l. 10. *Funky* : afraid.

Shelter.

Charles Stuart Calverley (1831-1884) was an Oxford scholar and barrister with a turn for parody and humour. His best work is in "Verses and Translations" (1862).

His version of the Idylls of Theocritus (1869) is notable.

P. 144, l. 20. *Alder* : a tree like the birch. It usually grows in moist ground.

l. 24. *Mere* : lake, pool.

P. 145, l. 9. *Ken* : range of knowledge or vision.

The Walrus and the Carpenter.

Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, 1832-1898) was a mathematical lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford, and wrote mathematical treatises. "Alice in Wonder-

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land " (1865) and a number of similar fantasies are only another expression of his logical genius ; in verbal logical absurdity he has probably never been surpassed.
Walrus : a large web-footed sea animal, like a seal or sea-lion, with the upper canine teeth developed into huge tusks.

P. 146, l. 20. Briny : salt.

The Complaint of the Camel.

Charles Edward Carryl (1841-1920) was an American writer, chiefly of humorous verse.

Plaint : complaint.

P. 149, l. 15. *Exposed* : open to the weather.

l. 25. *Bestraddle* : bestride, ride on.

P. 150, l. 4. *Creek* : a small inlet of the sea ; a small bay.

QUESTIONS ON THE POEMS

The Battle of Otterburn.

1. If you were to rewrite this ballad as a play, into what scenes would you divide it? Using the dialogue given in the ballad, write out one of the scenes.
2. What do you learn from the poem about the characters of Percy, Douglas, and Montgomery?
3. Doughty Douglas. Collect other examples of this kind of alliteration from this or other poems.
4. Quote phrases and words that seem specially expressive, and incidents that seem specially exciting.
5. What signs of Scottish authorship occur in this poem? Compare this version with the English "Chevy Chase."

The Bonnie Earl of Murray.

1. Who is supposed to speak the poem?
2. Name all the different facts that make Murray's death so tragic.
3. What line best conveys the sadness of the lament ("ou," "ow," in Scots, sound "oo")?

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

1. Does this description of King John agree with history?
2. Into what scenes would you divide this ballad? Using the dialogue given, write out one of the scenes as for a play, and act it.
3. Mention any other poems or stories that deal with three riddles and the answers to them.
4. Do you think the answers in this ballad satisfactory?
5. What unfairness occurs in the ballad?
6. Quote words or phrases suggesting that this ballad was composed by an uneducated man.

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

1. Why did the bailiff's daughter not encourage the youth?
2. Why did the youth's friends send him to London?

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3. Why did the bailiff's daughter start up "with a colour so red"?
4. What do you think of her way of testing the youth?
5. Was it right that *she* should go to seek *him*?
6. What did she really mean by saying, "One penny . . . will ease me of much pain"?

Green Broom.

1. Did Johnny deserve to marry the lady?
2. Did the lady deserve to marry Johnny? Criticise her action.
3. Was Johnny altogether "without good"?
4. Find a bad rhyme in the poem.

Dabbling in the Dew.

1. Describe the sort of London life offered to the milk-maid.
2. What were her reasons for declining the offer? Was she right in doing so? Show how her reply matches each point in the offer.

The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies.

1. Contrast the lady in this poem with the princess in "The Princess and the Gypsies" (p. 63). Which was happier?

Saddle to Rags.

1. How did the old man give the thief the idea that he was "silly" or "simple"? How did the thief show that it was he who was simple?

John Gilpin.

1. How long had John Gilpin been married? How many children had he? Why had he to go on horseback?
2. What incidents delayed his start?
3. Write a short description of John Gilpin, mentioning his dress, occupation, and character.
4. Quote one or two "timely jokes" of Gilpin's.
5. What two ideas of the spectators make the poem more humorous?

Jock of Hazeldean.

1. Describe briefly young Frank and his father.
2. In what ways are Jock and Frank opposites?
3. What part of the story is omitted? Write a few sentences to fill the gap.

QUESTIONS ON THE POEMS

The Fairies' Passage.

1. Quote lines or phrases which, by their sound, suggest noises and actions.
2. What do you learn of fairies from this poem? Compare them with the fairies in, *e.g.*, "Queen Mab" (p. 70).
3. Why were the fairies leaving Ireland?
4. Discuss their method of payment.

The Pipes at Lucknow.

1. Why did the pipes move the inhabitants of Lucknow so deeply?
2. Describe Lucknow during the siege.

Lady Clare.

1. Discuss the attitudes of the Nurse and Lady Clare?
2. How does Lady Clare turn the discovery of her birth to advantage?
3. Why are Lady Clare and Lord Ronald worthy to be admired?
4. How does this poem resemble one of the old ballads?
5. How does the situation resemble that in "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"?

Pocahontas.

1. Describe fully the fight between the Indians and their captive. Mention the scene, the numbers engaged, the weapons used, the result, the sounds made, and the consequence of the capture.
2. What was "the Indian right"?
3. The captive's bravery and the maid's action both made a deep impression. On whom? How do you know?

How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.

1. How is haste expressed by (a) the verse, (b) the preparations made at the start, (c) the succession of towns mentioned, (d) remarks made by the three men?
2. Suggest what the news was.
3. Quote from the poem to show Browning's knowledge of horses, and sympathy with them.
4. Quote similes that make the story more vivid.

Good King Wenceslas.

1. What lesson does the poet teach? How does he teach it?
2. Describe the weather. How does the poem emphasize its severity?
3. How does the poem resemble a ballad?

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Earl Haldan's Daughter.

1. How is the proverb "Pride goeth before a fall" illustrated in this poem?
2. What is the justice of the fate she suffers?
3. Quote from the poem examples of rich detail.

The Cavalier's Escape.

1. At what point is the chase most exciting?
2. What are the main differences between the Cavalier and his pursuers? And between his horse and theirs?
3. Quote phrases expressing (a) triumph, (b) the joy of victory, (c) scorn.
4. Compare the galloping movement of the verse with that in "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix."

Heather Ale.

1. If you can, get the prose version of the story by John Buchan and compare it with the poem.
2. Does the old Pict carry out his plan well? Give reasons for your answer.
3. What are the two meanings of "Only my son I fear"?
4. Quote effective similes used in the poem.

The Elf-King's Hunting.

1. How is the metre suitable for a hunting song?
2. Point out the most humorous incidents or facts in the poem.

The Dragon of Winter Hill.

1. Read over the poem again and find out how you were deceived about the dragon the first time. Name any other poems or stories in which you were deceived in this way.
2. What is humorous about Dickon, the Chief Bard, and the Dragon? Quote humorous words or phrases applied to them.

Gillespie.

1. What are the most stirring lines in the poem?
2. What lines best echo the sounds they describe?
3. Write a short description of Gillespie.
4. Point out passages where repetition is used with effect.
5. What phrases show Gillespie's (a) anger, (b) energy, (c) coolness, (d) courage?

QUESTIONS ON THE POEMS

The Battle of Stamford Bridge.

1. How does the sharpness of sound and movement increase the effect of the battle-scene? Quote examples.
2. What incidents are outstanding?
3. Remark on the turn given to the poem at the end.

The Blowing of the Horn.

1. Write paragraphs describing (a) the situation of Roland, (b) the suggestions of the traitor, Guenes, (c) the army of the Franks.
2. Comment on the rhymes, and on the use of the refrain.

The Escape.

1. Is the title suitable? Explain why.
2. What do you learn from the poem about Jake Jackson and his ways?
3. Explain "his outstripped kinsmen."
4. To what creatures or things does the poet compare the flames, Jake Jackson, and the wheat?
5. Give as many reasons as you can why Jake leapt into the flames. What did he gain and what did he lose?

The Princess and the Gipsies.

1. Write two paragraphs, contrasting the life of the princess with that of the gipsies.
2. Explain: "sit in narrow chairs" and "my heart broke in half."

The Old Cloak.

1. Write an account of the way of life of the old couple in this poem.
2. How does "he" show his wisdom?
3. What customs does "she" condemn?
4. Wherein does the humour of the poem lie?

Jolly Good Ale.

1. What are the pleasures of "jolly good ale"?

Queen Mab.

1. Compare the description of Queen Mab given in this poem with that given of Puck in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." Contrast her with Titania in the same play, or in "A Fable" (p. 91).

Philomel.

1. In what ways does the nightingale resemble the poet?

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To Daffodils.

1. Suggest another title for this poem.
2. Write a short paragraph comparing man's life with the life of the daffodils.
3. With what persons or things does the poet compare : morning dew, day, life, the sun ? Suggest other comparisons for these.

Sally in our Alley.

1. Contrast the actual life of the apprentice with his ideas of love.

Cradle Song, Piping down the Valleys Wild, The Echoing Green.

1. Show from these poems (a) that Blake liked children, (b) that his songs were happy (as he says), (c) that he sympathised with all living things.
2. Mention other poems about children and compare them with these poems of Blake.

The Echoing Green.

1. How do the young and the old enjoy themselves on the green ? Mention the chief signs of merriment.
2. What season is described in this poem ?
3. Suggest another title for the poem.
4. Quote from the poem a good simile.

A Farewell.

1. Suggest another title for this poem.
2. Whence and why does the poet depart ? Whom does he leave ? Where is he going ?
3. What lines suggest by their sound the actions to which they refer ?

Daffodils.

1. Quote from this poem all the phrases that show (a) how great was the number of daffodils, (b) how happy the daffodils seemed, (c) how happy they made the poet.
2. Compare this poem with Dorothy Wordsworth's description of the scene (given in the Notes). What does the poem add ?
3. What do you learn from this poem about Wordsworth's life and habits ?

March.

1. What noises are mentioned in this poem ? What signs of activity about the farm ? What changes in the weather ?

QUESTIONS ON THE POEMS

2. To what does the poet compare (a) the field, (b) the snow, (c) the clouds, (d) the fountains?

After Blenheim.

1. How is this poem a criticism of war?
2. Describe the characters of Kaspar, Peterkin, and Wilhelmine.

A Canadian Boat-Song.

1. Describe the surroundings of the boatmen.
2. Describe the boatmen, their character and ideas.

The Minstrel Boy.

1. To what country did the boy belong?
2. How was he equipped? How did he save his equipment from the enemy?
3. What different things did he value most highly?
4. What great qualities did he show? How?
5. Explain: "the ranks of death," "girded on," "sully."

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

1. Describe the kind of life and the kind of weather preferred by the poet.
2. What two lines stand out from the rest of the poem and refer to a different kind of life?
3. Quote from the poem words that are specially expressive.
4. Explain: "the hollow oak," "tight," "free," "our heritage," "the world of waters."

Gipsies.

1. What signs of cold and of poverty are mentioned in this poem?
2. What does the poem tell of the habits of the gipsies? Compare this account with that given in "The Idlers" (p. 117).

Meg Merrilies.

1. Compare Meg's way of life with that of other gipsies, as described in "The Idlers" (p. 117), "The Wraggle Taggle Gipsies" (p. 16), and "The Princess and the Gipsies" (p. 63). How was she different?
2. Suggest a title for each stanza.
3. Write a paragraph describing Meg's appearance.

An Elfín Knight.

1. Compare the Knight with the fairies in "The Elf-King's Hunting" (p. 49), or "The Fairies' Passage" (p. 30).

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2. What character in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" would the last three lines of this poem fitly describe? Why?

3. Suggest what the Knight could have used for: a plate, a bed, a boat.

4. Paint a picture of the Knight.

A Song.

1. What line contrasts with the rest of the poem?

2. Draw a picture of the lady as she would be if the wish were fulfilled.

The Beggar Maid.

1. What different similes are used to describe the maid? Describe her, without using similes.

2. The story is not quite finished. Write a sentence to complete it.

3. Point out phrases that show the contrast between the King and the beggar-maid.

4. What was "no wonder"?

The Owl.

1. To what season, and to what signs of it, does the poem refer?

2. Compare this description of the owl with that given in "The Owl" (p. 102).

3. Draw a picture to illustrate this poem.

The Last Buccaneer.

1. Why are buccaneers the heroes of so many poems and stories? How is the Last Buccaneer heroic?

2. Write a note on the pleasures of life in the West Indies.

"How's my Boy?"

1. What different things did the boy's mother not understand?

2. Are the mother and all her questions natural?

The Danes.

1. What different objects in this poem make a contrast of light and darkness? What feelings are produced by the contrast?

2. Quote from the poem examples of alliteration.

3. Make a sketch of the Danish galley and the landing.

A Fable.

1. Write a note on the character of Titania and of Oberon as shown in this poem? What are your feelings towards each? Why?

QUESTIONS ON THE POEMS

Summer.

1. What signs of summer does this poem mention? Name other signs that might have been mentioned.
2. How, according to this poem, is summer better than the other seasons? How is summer in the country better than in the town?

A Song.

1. What season does this poem describe?
2. What are "the feathers of the willow" and "the clouded gleam"?
3. Why is the stream swelling, the thistle's head white, and the rush rusty?

Lines for a Bed at Kelmscott Manor.

1. What is the plea of the bed?
2. With what is it contrasted?
3. Point out old-fashioned words and expressions. Why are they suitable in this poem?

The Old Squire.

1. Quote lines to show Blunt's (a) attachment to his land and its memories, (b) independence, (c) love of healthy exercise and sport.

Weathers.

1. What season does each verse describe?
2. What signs would you choose to describe in the same way other seasons or weathers?
3. From this poem quote examples of Hardy's power of saying much in few words.

Trafalgar.

1. Collect from this poem words by which Hardy suggests the wildness of the storm.
2. How is the storm used to connect the singers of this song with Trafalgar?
3. What clause suggests a scene opposite to that of the storm?

The Ladies of St. James's.

1. Write a paragraph on the ways and fashions of Court ladies, as here described.
2. What do you learn from this poem of eighteenth-century society?

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The Windmill.

1. What lines echo the sounds made by the mill ?
2. How is the miller not duly grateful or imaginative ?
3. How is the wind, in this poem, like a person ?

In London Town.

1. How were the people of London (a) stupid, (b) unimaginative, (c) inconsistent ?
2. How were the children wiser than their parents ? Compare the poem in this respect with "After Blenheim."
3. How does this poem resemble Ralph Hodgson's "Stupidity Street" ?

The Owl.

1. What phrases in this poem inspire terror ?
2. What aspects of the owl do not inspire terror ?
3. Describe the scene of the poem.
4. Explain : "the smouldering light," "on the edge of slumber."

The Song of the Old Mother.

1. Write a similar poem or essay on the young complaining of the old and their (a) grumbling, (b) severity or seriousness, (c) old-fashionedness.

A Smuggler's Song.

1. What do you learn from this poem about the character and work of the smugglers ?
2. Write a paragraph describing the house and its occupants.

Dane-Geld.

1. What is humorous in this way of treating "Dane-Geld" ? Point out the most humorous expressions.
2. What is the moral of this poem ?

Auvergnat.

1. Mention four actions of the hero that justify the title, by showing how little his feelings are affected.

The Kingfisher.

1. How is the kingfisher like the poet and the peacock, and how different from the peacock ?
2. Quote fine expressions used in this poem.

The Bells of Heaven.

1. What feeling runs through this poem ?
2. Explain : "angry prayers."

QUESTIONS ON THE POEMS

3. Contrast the poet's point of view with that expressed in "The Old Squire" (p. 94).

Eve.

1. How does the poet arouse pity for Eve?
2. How does this poem show the author's understanding of birds and animals?

The Listeners.

1. By what expressions and sounds does the poet suggest the silence of the scene? What few noises disturb the silence?
2. Quote phrases that give this poem an eerie feeling.
3. Describe or make a picture of the scene.

Nicholas Nye.

1. Collect from this poem words and phrases that suggest (a) the loneliness, (b) the laziness, (c) the sadness, (d) the intelligence, (e) the age, of Nicholas Nye.
2. What joke is made in the second stanza?

The Parrots.

1. Paint the scene.
2. What colours and noises occur in the scene? How do they resemble each other?
3. What effect has the scene on the poet?

Old Grey Squirrel.

1. Why is the old man like a grey squirrel? Who caught him?
2. How would a sailor's life have been better than his own? Would he have been happy with it, or as happy as he had imagined?
3. Describe a day in the boy's life.

Anthony Crundle.

1. How did Anthony Crundle live a happy life?
2. What was unusual about it, and made it so happy?
3. Contrast his life with that of "Old Grey Squirrel."

The Vagabond.

1. Compare this poem with "The Vagabond," by R. L. Stevenson. How do they differ?
2. How is the vagabond (a) free, (b) wise, (c) independent? How is he better off than a man with house and property?
3. Compare his life with that of the gipsies in "The Idlers" (p. 117).

POEMS FOR YOUTH

The Apple Tree.

1. Does the end of this poem fulfil or disappoint the promise of the beginning ?
2. Why was the man running ?
3. What different feelings passed through the mind of the child in the apple-tree ?
4. What expressions raise clear pictures in your mind ?

There was an Indian.

1. What terms show the Indian's (a) ignorance of sailing-ships, (b) surprise, (c) fear ?

The Idlers.

1. Write an essay on Gipsies, using the material given in this poem, in "The Princess and the Gipsies" (p. 63), and in "The Wraggle Taggle Gipsies" (p. 16).
2. Write a paragraph on "Nightfall in the Country," using some of the sounds and sights mentioned in this poem.

Full Moon.

1. Draw a picture of the girl on the stile.

Widdecombe Fair.

1. What does the poem tell of Tom Pearse and of the others ?
2. What expressions in the poem are humorous ?
3. Why did the mare die ?
4. Why did the mare and Bill Brewer, etc., reappear groaning ?
5. What expressions suggest that the poem was written by an uneducated person ?
6. Suggest another title for this poem.

The Despairing Lover.

1. How did Damon show great courage and self-control in the two different situations in which he was placed ?

A Reasonable Affliction.

1. Who was afflicted ?
2. What was the affliction ? How was it reasonable ?
3. What is an epigram ?
4. What is the "point" of this epigram ?

An Elegy on . . . Mrs. Mary Blaize.

1. What is an elegy ? How far does this poem agree with the definition ?

QUESTIONS ON THE POEMS

2. What device does Goldsmith use throughout with humorous effect? Point out all the examples of its use.

3. What can you tell from this poem about Mrs. Blaize?

Apple Dumplings and a King.

1. What points of George's character are held up to ridicule?

Epigram.

1. Why does the author write "physics, bleeds and sweats" instead of "physic, bleed and sweat"?

Tom Bowling.

1. Describe Tom's character.

2. Collect all the sea terms used with a double meaning, and give the two meanings in each case.

3. Does the humour of the poem interfere with the seriousness of the subject?

The Sailor's Consolation.

1. What is "the sailor's consolation"?

2. Is the sailor justified in preferring sea to land?

3. Point out humorous rhymes, words, and phrases used in this poem.

On a Schoolmaster.

1. On what pun does the "point" of this epigram depend?

The War Song of Dinas Vawr.

1. What was the purpose of the expedition? How is it not in keeping with the lofty tone of the "War Song"?

2. Quote examples of Dinas Vawr's boasting and exaggeration.

3. What do you learn from this poem of the geographical features of the country in which these incidents took place?

The Hand of Glory.

1. How is a humorous effect produced in this poem by (a) slang, (b) exaggeration, (c) repetition, (d) passing from the serious and tragic to the commonplace and familiar?

2. Compare the pictures of the witch and the miser with any others you have read.

3. What is the most improbable scene in this poem?

The Milkmaid.

1. What proverb does the poem illustrate?

2. Is there any mistake in the milkmaid's arithmetic?

POEMS FOR YOUTH

What phrases of her own suggest that it would require to be checked ?

The Height of the Ridiculous.

1. What is the meaning of the title of this poem ? In what two senses is it used ?

2. Where does the poet use mock-modesty for humorous effect ?

3. How did the poet arouse his servant's curiosity ?

The Broken Pitcher.

1. Point out examples of the use of slang and obsolete words for humorous effect.

2. Where is a humorous effect produced by passing from the sublime to the commonplace ?

The Bee and the Lily.

1. How is this poem a lesson in flattery ? Does the part suit the bee ?

2. Quote phrases to show how the poet makes the story humorous by treating the bee and the lily as a man calling on a woman in her house.

In the Coach.

1. What do you learn from the poem about conditions in the Isle of Man sixty or seventy years ago ?

2. Write a short paragraph describing the lady.

Shelter.

1. How does the poem deceive, excite, and surprise the reader ?

The Walrus and the Carpenter.

1. Quote passages where the poet produces humour
(a) from circumstances that are improbable or impossible,
(b) from statements which are obvious, (c) from treating the Walrus and the Oysters as if they were human beings, and
(d) from pure nonsense.

2. What is the most humorous stanza in the poem ?

The Complaint of the Camel.

1. What are the camel's real causes for complaint ?

2. What habit of the camel suggests that it complains ?
What is the meaning of " to get the hump " ?

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